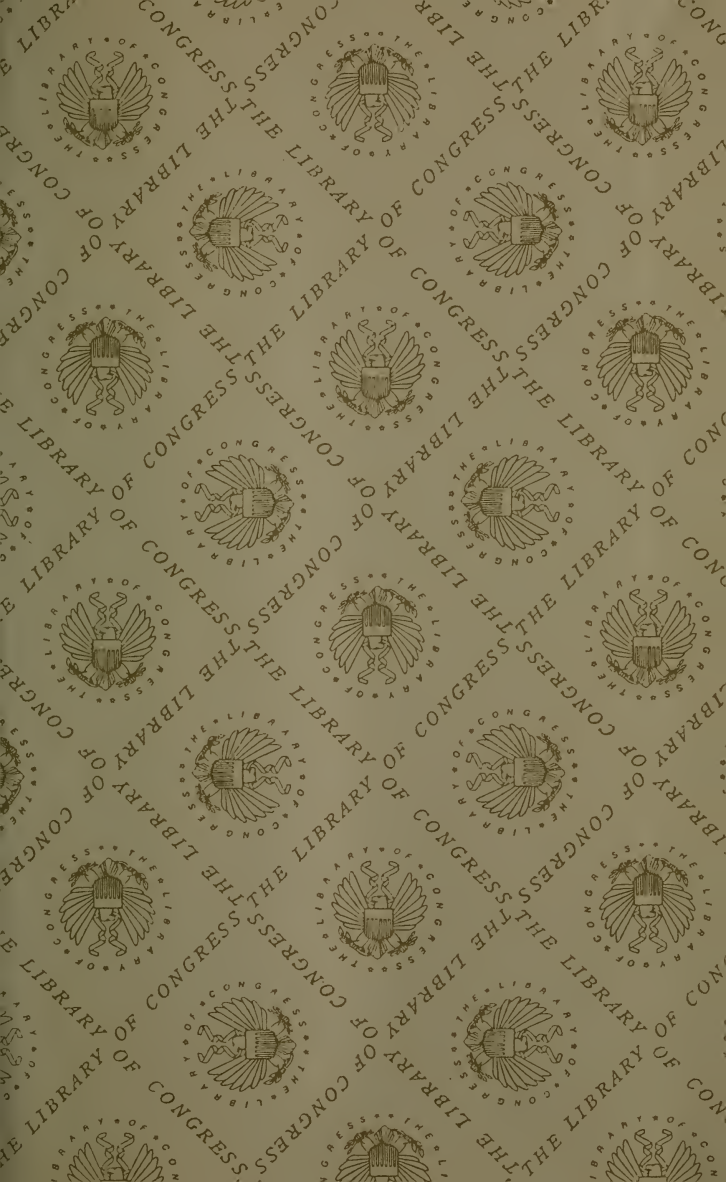


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# RIVERSIDE LITERATURE SERIES

SNOW-BOUND  
AMONG THE HILLS  
SONGS OF LABOR  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY

J. G. WHITTIER

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NEW EDITION

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HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
BOSTON, NEW YORK, AND CHICAGO  
*The Riverside Press Cambridge*

Price, paper, 15 cents ; linen, 25 cents.

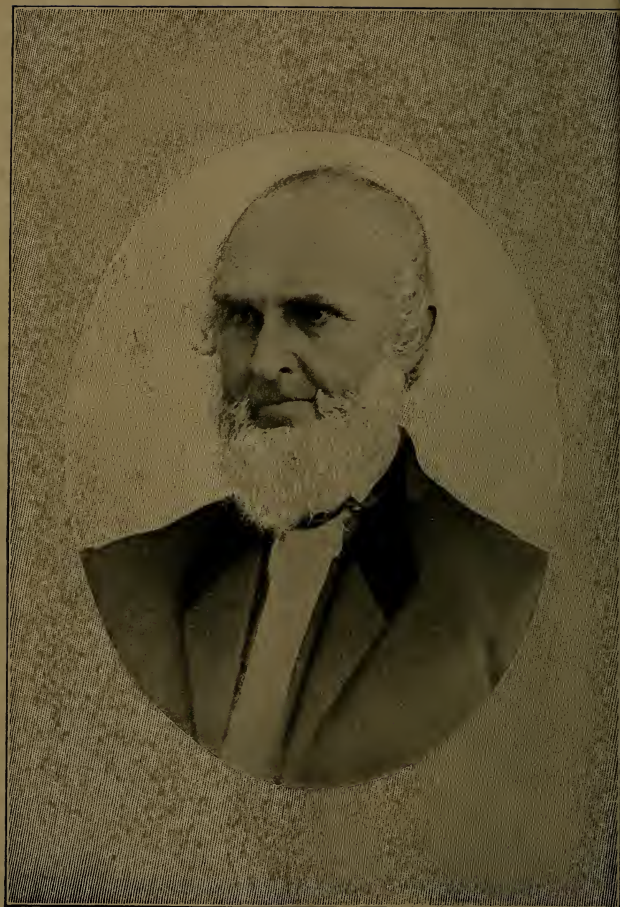
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John George Hether

SNOW-BOUND  
AMONG THE HILLS  
SONGS OF LABOR  
AND OTHER POEMS

BY  
JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

NEW EDITION  
WITH SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS  
AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES  
AND QUESTIONS



BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY  
The Riverside Press Cambridge

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# SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER<sup>1</sup>

**Right and wrong methods.** There are two ways to get the most out of a classic; in one, the teacher brings out the meaning for the class by continual explanation; in the other, he puts his wits to work to induce the students themselves to find what is in it.

**A working basis.** This partial outline of what pupils should learn to do in studying *Snow-Bound* will be found helpful to teachers in planning and guiding the study of a poem:—

1. To know the writer and the times; i.e., *to develop breadth of view.*
2. To like the classic; i.e., *to develop appreciation.*
3. To master details; i.e., *to develop full understanding, scholarship.*
4. To develop initiative; i.e., *by individual work described below.*
5. To get a wealth of ideas; i.e., *by poring over the poem, and by memorizing.*
6. To arouse other ideas; i.e., *by connotation.*
7. To train judgment; i.e., *by comparison of characters, other poems; analysis.*
8. To visualize, to develop imagination; i.e., *by the study of pictures.*
9. To deepen the emotional nature; i.e., *by arousing feeling.*

**The laboratory method in English.** The old-fashioned plan in teaching literature was to cram into the mind of the child a bulk of information about the author and the poem. The old-time method taught all about a classic, but not once demanded that teacher and pupil together go straight to the classic and ask the poet what he meant. The better method in English work is the laboratory method; it implies (1) ac-

<sup>1</sup> Based upon a portion of Chapter IV of Bolenius's *Teaching Literature in the Grammar Grades and High School*. (Riverside Text-books in Education. Houghton Mifflin Company, publishers.)

tual contact with the subject studied, and (2) conclusions based on personal investigation.

Pupils ought to do considerable individual work of this sort. Hold them responsible for certain definite preparation, like looking up unusual words in the dictionary, keeping an outline of the story, and noting the characters.

Let them make reports on (1) the poet's introduction of local color; (2) on the opinions expressed by the poet; (3) on the connotation of the poet's words and phrases. (Training in connotation will do much to develop appreciation.)

**Whittier's life and surroundings.** A Whittier atmosphere should be created. This can be done, first of all, by the use of pictures. Then, in taking up the life of the poet, have the students outline the facts from a history of American literature, and give the main points in "one-minute talks." Or, draw out by questions the most dramatic or the most vitally important moments of his life. There is much in the biography of Whittier to encourage the country boy.

The sketch of Whittier on pages xiii-xviii of this book is intended to be read by the pupils themselves. It is written especially for this use.

**Subjects of Whittier's poems.** The question, "What would such a man be most likely to write about?" will bring a quick response.

Before beginning the poem, invite the pupils to prove their statements. Some of the replies will probably be much as follows: —

*Whittier's subjects*

Country life.  
Nature.  
Childhood.  
Working people.  
New England traditions.  
Religion.  
Death.

*Illustrative poems*

The Barefoot Boy; The Corn Song.  
April, The Mayflowers.  
My Playmate.  
Songs of Labor.  
Abraham Davenport.  
The Eternal Goodness.  
Telling the Bees.

**Reading *Snow-Bound*.** *Snow-Bound* should be studied by paragraphs. A paragraph should be read through and a title given to it before the detailed study is begun. The giving of titles to the paragraphs is an important feature of the work,



or it teaches pupils to look at the paragraph in the large, as a whole. The titles to the first three paragraphs, for example, may be:—

I. Omens of the storm (lines 1–18); II. The evening chores (lines 19–30) and the coming of the snow (lines 31–40); III. The transformation in the morning (lines 41–65). After the title has been assigned, the detailed study of the meaning of the lines is to be taken up, and after this the oral reading. Oral reading should never precede but always follow the interpretation.

During the reading, a few details about the characters in the *Snow-Bound* farmhouse add to the zest of the poem. The father died when Whittier was twenty-three; the mother lived long. Uncle Moses Whittier, the father's younger brother (unmarried), and the unmarried aunt lived with them. The brother is Matthew. The elder sister is Mary, who sent off Whittier's first poem; the younger sister later kept house. The district schoolmaster boarded with them. Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, boarded at Rocks Village, two miles away. In the poem she is the "half-welcome guest."

The lesson should consist of study of the poem, not study about it. From the outline or synopsis, that the pupils make for themselves, it is easy for them to pick out the purely narrative portions; the purely descriptive; and the lyrical, which voice personal opinion and feeling. The narrative-lyric nature of the poem is readily seen. The meaning of the word *idyl* is better understood. Over four hundred words should be discussed and thoroughly ground into the vocabulary of the pupil. Allusions must be explained. Draw the meanings from the class, if possible, instead of telling them yourself. Poetry is meant, primarily, to be read aloud; therefore, read it yourself — and have pupils read it — with full expression. Call for explanation, as you proceed. Let pupils memorize the parts that appeal to them. Let them discover the qualities of style for themselves. Lead them to visualize the portraits and the scenes, and to understand the other passages. Since they have taught themselves largely

by investigation and thought in class, they will lay aside the book with understanding and respect. Such a combination makes for the best appreciation.

### SUBJECTS FOR WRITTEN EXERCISES

1. Winter Evening Occupations and Amusements in Whittier's Childhood.
2. Whittier's Parents and their Fireside Stories.
3. Whittier's Sisters.
4. Character Sketch of Whittier's Uncle.
5. A Comparison between the Nature of Whittier's Aunt and of his Uncle.
6. The Country Schoolmaster.

These sketches should be of from one hundred to three hundred words. The outlines for them should be made or reviewed in the class before the sketches are written, in order that the teacher may see that they are complete. A sketch of Whittier's mother, for example, should answer all of the following questions: —

What sort of woman was Whittier's mother?

How was she occupied while telling her fireside stories?

How does Whittier express his appreciation of her stories?

Where did she find the inspiration for the tales she told?

What different kinds of tales could she produce for her children's entertainment?

How did she show her spirit of helpfulness to every one?

### MATERIAL FOR VITALIZING CLASS WORK

**Biographical material.** The following books furnish excellent biographical material: **Carpenter:** *John Greenleaf Whittier* (*American Men of Letters Series*); **Clafin:** *Personal Recollections of John Greenleaf Whittier*; **Fields:** *Whittier: Notes on his Life and his Friendships*; **Pickard:** *Life and Letters of John Greenleaf Whittier* (2 vols.).

**Illustrative material.** To illustrate Whittier's life, pictures like the following are good: **Perry Pictures:** numbers 25, 26, 27, 27b, 28, 29.

**Critical material.** For a criticism of the poet's work, the following books will prove stimulating: **Lowell:** *A Fable for Critics* (lines 242-303, elementary); **Pattee:** *A History of American Literature* (pp. 333-44); **Richardson:** *American Literature* (pp. 173-86); **Stedman:** *Poets of America* (pp. 95-133); **Trent:** *A History of American Literature* (pp. 408-19); **Wendell:** *A Literary History of America* (pp. 358-70); **Higginson and Boynton:** *Reader's History of American Literature* (pp. 146-53).

## ADDITIONAL READING

The following poems are not included in this collection. References are given to other R.L.S. issues which contain any of these.

I. *Narrative and Legendary Poems.* The Vaudois Teacher — Barclay of Ury (*R.L.S.* 5) — The Angels of Buena Vista (*R.L.S.* 5, 239) — Maud Muller (*R.L.S.* 5, 175, 239, G) — Skipper Ireson's Ride (*R.L.S.* 5, 175, G) — The Pipes at Lucknow (*R.L.S.* 5, 239) — Marguerite (*R.L.S.* 239) — The Swan Song of Parson Avery (*R.L.S.* 41) — Amy Wentworth — The Wreck of Rivermouth (*R.L.S.* 41).

II. *Poems of Nature.* Sunset on the Bearcamp — Summer by the Lakeside — The River Path (*R.L.S.* G) — The Trailing Arbutus.

III. *Subjective and Reminiscent Poems.* In School Days (*R.L.S.* 5, 175, 239) — Memories — The New Year (*R.L.S.* T).

IV. *Religious Poems.* Our Master — My Psalm (*R.L.S.* 175) — At Last (*R.L.S.* 175).

V. *Personal Poems.* Bryant on his Birthday (*R.L.S.* G) — Our Autocrat [Holmes] — O. W. Holmes on his Eightieth Birthday — James Russell Lowell — To William Lloyd Garrison.

VI. *Anti-slavery Poems.* Randolph of Roanoke (*R.L.S.*

175) — Massachusetts to Virginia (*R.L.S.* 175) Ichabod (*R.L.S.* 175) — The Lost Occasion (*R.L.S.* 175).

VII. *Poems of The Civil War.* Waiting — The Watchers — Barbara Frietchie (*R.L.S.* 5, 175, G) — Laus Deo (*R.L.S.* 5, 175).

## EDITIONS FOR SCHOOL USE

**Complete Poetical Works.** *Student's Cambridge Edition.* With a biographical sketch, notes, and indexes to titles and first lines. \$1.50.

### *In the Riverside Literature Series*

**A Sketch of Whittier's Life.** No. 175. By Bliss Perry, Professor of English Literature in Harvard University. With twenty autobiographical and other poems by Whittier. With two portraits. Paper .15. Cloth .25.

**Whittier Leaflets.** No. G. Forty complete poems and selected prose passages from the works of John Greenleaf Whittier. With an introduction, a biographical sketch, and illustrations. Paper .30. Cloth .40.

**Mabel Martin, and Other Poems.** No. 5. A collection of eighteen poems. With a biographical sketch, and introductory and explanatory notes. Paper .15.

**Snow-Bound, Among the Hills, Songs of Labor and Other Poems.** No. 4. A collection of twenty-seven poems. With suggestions to teachers, an introduction, notes and questions, illustrations and a map. Paper .15. Cloth .25.

**The Tent on the Beach, and Associated Poems.** No. 41. A collection of nineteen poems. With introductory and explanatory notes, and map. Paper .15.

## CHRONOLOGY OF WHITTIER'S LIFE AND WORKS

1807. Whittier born, December 17.

1829–32. Newspaper editor in Boston, Haverhill, and Hartford.

1831. *Legends of New England.* (Prose and Verse.)

1832. *Moll Pitcher.*

1833. Delegate to the anti-slavery convention in Philadelphia.  
Justice and Expediency. (Prose.)
- 1835-36. Member of the Massachusetts Legislature.
1836. Settled in Amesbury.
1837. Poems written during the Progress of the Abolition Question in the United States, between the years 1830 and 1836.
1838. Poems.
- 1838-40. Edited *The Pennsylvania Freeman*.
1843. Lays of My Home, and Other Poems.
1844. Miscellaneous Poems.
1845. The Stranger in Lowell. (Prose.)
1846. Voices of Freedom.
1847. The Supernaturalism of New England. (Prose.)
- 1847-59. Leading writer for the *National Era*, of Washington, D.C.
1849. Poems. (A collection of Whittier's poems against Slavery.)  
Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal. (Prose.)
1850. Songs of Labor, and Other Poems.  
Old Portraits and Modern Sketches. (Prose.)
1853. The Chapel of the Hermits, and Other Poems.  
A Sabbath Scene: A Sketch of Slavery in Verse.
1854. Literary Recreations and Miscellanies. (Prose.)
1856. The Panorama, and Other Poems.
1857. The Sycamores.  
*Atlantic Monthly* established. Whittier a frequent contributor.
1860. Presidential Elector for Massachusetts.  
Home Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics.
1863. In War Time, and Other Poems.
1864. Presidential Elector for Massachusetts.
1866. Snow-Bound.  
Prose Works. (Collected.)
1867. National Lyrics.  
The Tent on the Beach, and Other Poems.
1869. Among the Hills, and Other Poems.
1870. Ballads of New England.  
Two Letters on the Present Aspect of the Society of Friends.
1871. Miriam, and Other Poems.
1872. The Pennsylvania Pilgrim, and Other Poems.
1874. Mabel Martin, and Other Poems.

1875. Hazel Blossoms.

1878. Vision of Echard, and Other Poems.

1881. The King's Missive, and Other Poems.

1883. The Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems.

1886. Poems of Nature.

Saint Gregory's Guest, and Recent Poems.

1892. At Sundown.

Whittier died, September 7.

## AN INTRODUCTION TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

It stands there still, the old homestead, just as it stood "that brief December day." There is the long, low house with slanting roof and huge stone chimney up the middle. There is the round well-curb beneath its looming sweep. The bridge-post, a big stone with projecting step, still keeps its seat at the garden gate. And over the way still stands the barn — the big new barn that held the treasures of the Whittier farm. It is a lonely spot, as lonely still as can be found, perhaps, in any busy county of New England. It lies in what is called the East Parish of Haverhill, in the valley of the Merrimac.

The home-  
stead and  
the family

Planted here, with not a neighbor roof in sight, where

no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak,

five generations of Whittiers had taken up, each in its turn, the work of the farm; and each in its turn, on long winter evenings, had sat around the homestead hearth. In John Greenleaf Whittier's boyhood, there were, besides his father and mother, his aunt Mercy and uncle Moses, and his own young brother Matthew and two sisters — Mary, older than himself, and Elizabeth, the youngest of them all.

The Whittiers were strict Quakers, as had been every Whittier beneath that roof. They used the gentle "thee" and "thy" of Quaker speech, eschewed all vanities, and dressed in homespun of sober Quaker gray. Every "First day" they drove to the meeting of the Society of Friends at Amesbury, and that was about as much of the wide wide world as John Greenleaf knew up to his fifteenth year. Then something happened that ever after he looked back upon as one of the greatest events of his life.



That was the coming of a poet into the house — not a poet, flesh and blood, in coat and breeches, but the mind and the soul of a poet alive forever in his book. And that poet was a Scotch farmer named Robert Burns. He was very properly introduced, too, being brought in by the schoolmaster himself. Joshua Coffin, teacher of the district school, fresh from Dartmouth College and full of life and fun, used often to come around of an evening, bringing a book to read aloud — a book of travel and adventure, usually; but this particular night, the poems. And he sat down and read page after page, explaining the Scottish dialect as he went. Greenleaf Whittier sat spell-bound, listening. He was finding out, that night, another world, or another way of looking at this one, which is quite the same thing, after all. He was still rapt in his vision when the reading stopped and the master, rising, offered to leave the book, if he liked it. Did he like it? He took it out into the hayfield in the morning, he carried it with him all that day and the next, he read it to himself, he read it aloud, he read it to the dog and the brook and the birds; and if the mows in the new barn waited longer that summer for the yield of the early mowing, the fault must be laid to Robert Burns.

But the work of the farm had to go on, and his hand was needed with the rest; for only by "all hands to" could the stubborn soil be made to yield a livelihood. But he thought of Burns, the Scottish farmer, and the songs he made behind the plough.

And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

In short, John Greenleaf Whittier, with an inborn love of rhyming, was beginning to find that he himself was something of a poet, too.

One day, five years later, Whittier was standing by the roadside, helping his father mend a stone wall, when the



postman, riding by on horseback, tossed over to them the weekly paper. What was Whittier's surprise when he opened it, to find in its "Poet's Corner" some verses of his own, signed "W." — his sister Mary had filched the poem and sent it off. The paper was a small sheet edited at Newburyport by William Lloyd Garrison, who was only two years older than Whittier. And the sequel of the story was that the young editor drove out himself to hunt up the young poet (and found the young poet flat on his stomach hunting up a hen's nest under the barn), and that Friend Whittier was urged to release his son from the farmwork and send him to an academy. "Sir," he sternly replied, "poetry will not give him bread!" But as Whittier was not very strong, he had permission to go, if he could pay his own way. And this he did, by making slippers, and book-keeping, and teaching in vacation time.

Whittier's  
first poem  
is printed

There is a good old Eastern proverb that says, "Square thyself for use. The stone that will fit in the wall is not left in the way." By the end of Whittier's school days it was time for him to choose what he would do. He had written many verses, and many of them had been published; but verses were not paid for. He might make a good cobbler, for whom surely there is always much use in the world. But he had "squared" himself for yet a better use, and fate picked him up to mend the understanding of his fellows in yet a better way.

If we were to follow Whittier through the next twelve years, we should find ourselves in first one New England town and then another, or going by stagecoach and boat to New York or Philadelphia; for Whittier was in demand as a newspaper editor. He was, in fact, becoming a public man. At one time he was nominated for Congress, but his health was so poor that he had to withdraw his name before the election. There were three things that, true to his Quaker principles, he used all the weight of his influence against. These were intemperance, war, and slavery. He wrote a great deal in both prose and verse on these three subjects, but particularly the last.

Whittier be-  
comes an  
editor

On this only a very small party of his countrymen at that time agreed with him; and more than once his office was attacked, his papers were burned, mobs followed him when he went to public anti-slavery meetings, and he narrowly escaped stones and fists, despite his Quaker garb. But he was not to be daunted in anything that he believed to be right; and it was one very beautiful trait of his character, — and one all too rare in this world, — that he could firmly disagree with another man's opinion without in the least quarreling with the man. That is probably one reason why he had always warm friends in all parts of the country, whether they were of his way of thinking or not.

Every day was adding to his reputation as "the Quaker poet"; but it was not until after ill-health had forced him to settle down quietly at home, that he wrote the greater number of those poems that we still delight to read. Meanwhile, the family had sold the old farm and bought a little cottage in Amesbury, and this was the poet's home for the remaining fifty-six years of his life.

If we look at the "Table of Contents" of Whittier's *Poems*, — and that is a pretty good way, too, to get some idea of the extent of an author's work, — we will

Whittier's  
poems

find a large group of poems called "legendary."

Here, then, is a poet who loved old tales, and, most of all, if we may judge by the titles, tales of the land where he was born. "Telling the Bees," "Abraham Davenport," and "How the Robin Came" are examples of this. Recollections of his own boyhood appear not alone in "Snow-Bound" but also in "The Barefoot Boy" and in "My Playmate."

In fact, Whittier put so much of his own heart into his poems that if we were to read them all in the order in which they were written, we could hardly have a better biography. Such poems as the ringing Corn-Song in "The Huskers" or the sympathetic stanzas of "The Poor Voter on Election Day" tell us that this poet was, in the very best sense, a man of the world, — one who respected toil, who hated injustice and who loved his country and helped his fellow men.

You may notice in reading Whittier's poems, how often he speaks of the golden hue of sunset or of autumn or of the fruit of the harvest, and how seldom he mentions other colors. He once said, "I have always thought the rainbow *beautiful*, but they tell me I have never seen it. Its only color to me is yellow." In other words, Whittier was color-blind. He wrote of "scarlet maples," but he only called them so because others did, for red and green both to him were yellow. Nevertheless, this defect did not at all lessen the poet's love for nature, or his descriptive powers — as you will see when you read "Among the Hills," "April," "The Mayflowers," and "The Last Walk in Autumn."

When Whittier wrote "Snow-Bound," only one was left of all that circle that used to gather round the homestead hearth; and to this one, his brother, he dedicated the poem. He outlived his brother, too, by many <sup>Whittier's</sup> friends years; outlived Longfellow and Hawthorne and Bayard Taylor and Garrison and Lowell, and almost all the other poets and story-tellers and public men who had been the fellow-workers and the friends of his life. The year before his death, when he was nearly eighty-four, he wrote this letter to Oliver Wendell Holmes: —

NEWBURYPORT, 8th mo., 18, 1891.

Ever since I heard the sad news of Lowell's death, I have been thinking of thee, and longing to see thee, for we are now standing alone. The bright, beautiful ones who began life with us have all passed into the great shadow of silence, or rather, let us hope, in the language of Henry Vaughan, "They have gone into the world of light, and we alone are lingering here!" Well, I at least shall soon follow them, and I wait the call with a calm trust in the Eternal Goodness. I have been ill all summer, but the world is still fair to me; my friends are very dear to me; I love and am loved. And it is a great joy to me that I can think of thee as well, and in the full enjoyment of all thy gifts and powers, surrounded still with friends who love and honor thee.

The following stanzas from a poem by Holmes beautifully express Whittier's character both as a man and as a poet: —

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-wrought lay,  
To shed its aureole round thy cherished name, —  
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of *Yea* and *Nay*  
Thy truthful nature ever best became.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine, —  
It can but steal the robe that hid thy wings;  
Though thy warm breathing presence we resign,  
Still in our hearts its loving semblance clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right, —  
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung, —  
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight  
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes  
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.  
Our stern New England's hills and vales and streams, —  
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod  
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill, —  
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod  
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time  
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,  
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,  
The youthful soul with high resolve has fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken reed;  
No barriers caged thee in a bigot's fold;  
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,  
Thou saidst "Our Father," and thy creed was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,  
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.  
A lifelong record closed without a stain,  
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

# POEMS BY WHITTIER

## PROEM

I LOVE the old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days,  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning  
dew. 5

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours  
To breathe their marvellous notes I try ;  
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers  
In silence feel the dewy showers,  
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the  
sky. 10

The rigor of a frozen clime,  
The harshness of an untaught ear,  
The jarring words of one whose rhyme  
Beat often Labor's hurried time.  
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife,  
are here. 15

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,  
No rounded art the lack supplies ;  
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,  
Or softer shades of Nature's face,  
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes. 20

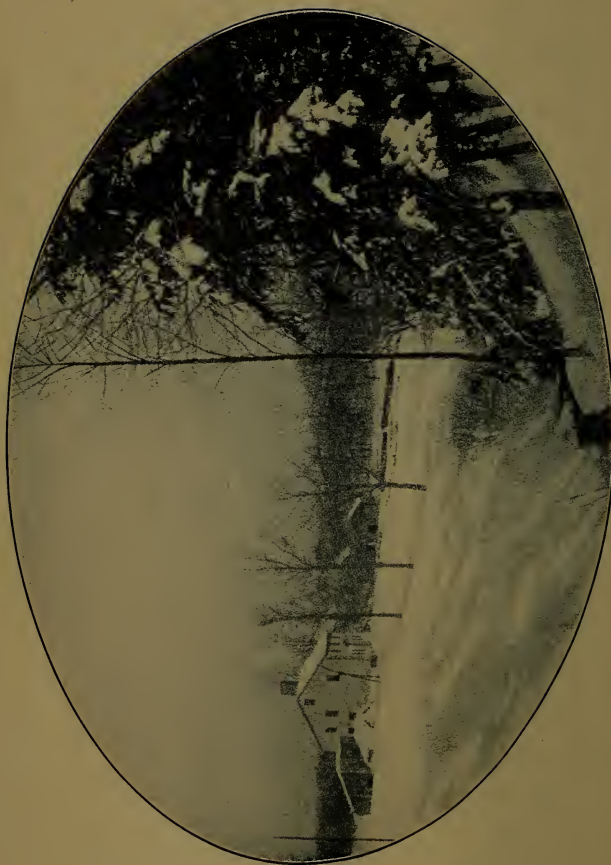
Nor mine the seer-like power to show  
The secrets of the heart and mind ;  
To drop the plummet-line below  
Our common world of joy and woe,  
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find. 25

Yet here at least an earnest sense  
Of human right and weal is shown ;  
A hate of tyranny intense,  
And hearty in its vehemence,  
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own. 30

O Freedom ! if to me belong  
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,  
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,  
Still with a love as deep and strong 34  
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine !







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WHITTIER'S BIRTHPLACE IN WINTER



## SNOW-BOUND: A WINTER IDYL

TO THE MEMORY OF THE HOUSEHOLD IT DESCRIBES,  
THIS POEM IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR

"As the Spirits of Darkness be stronger in the dark, so good Spirits which be Angels of Light are augmented not only by the Divine light of the Sun, but also by our common Wood Fire : and as the Celestial Fire drives away dark spirits, so also this our Fire of Wood doth the same." (COR. AGRIPPA, *Occult Philosophy*, book I, chap. v.)

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
Arrives the snow; and, driving o'er the fields,  
Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.  
The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, inclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm."

(EMERSON, *The Snow-Storm*.)

THE sun that brief December day  
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,  
And, darkly circled, gave at noon  
A sadder light than waning moon.  
Slow tracing down the thickening sky 5  
Its mute and ominous prophecy,  
A portent seeming less than threat,  
It sank from sight before it set.  
A chill no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out, 10  
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,  
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race  
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,  
The coming of the snow-storm told.  
The wind blew east; we heard the roar 15  
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,  
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there  
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.

Meanwhile we did our nightly chores, —  
 Brought in the wood from out of doors, 20  
 Littered the stalls, and from the mows  
 Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows:  
 Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;  
 And, sharply clashing horn on horn,  
 Impatient down the stanchion rows 25  
 The cattle shake their walnut bows;  
 While, peering from his early perch  
 Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,  
 The cock his crested helmet bent  
 And down his querulous challenge sent. 30  
 Unwarmed by any sunset light  
 The gray day darkened into night,  
 A night made hoary with the swarm  
 And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,  
 As zigzag wavering to and fro 35  
 Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:  
 And ere the early bedtime came  
 The white drift piled the window-frame,  
 And through the glass the clothes-line posts  
 Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts. 40

So all night long the storm roared on:  
 The morning broke without a sun;  
 In tiny spherule traced with lines  
 Of Nature's geometric signs,  
 In starry flake and pellicle 45  
 All day the hoary meteor fell;  
 And, when the second morning shone,  
 We looked upon a world unknown,  
 On nothing we could call our own.  
 Around the glistening wonder bent 50  
 The blue walls of the firmament,  
 No cloud above, no earth below, —  
 A universe of sky and snow!  
 The old familiar sights of ours  
 Took marvellous shapes; strange domes and towers 55  
 Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,  
 Or garden-wall or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,  
A fenceless drift what once was road ;  
The bridle-post an old man sat 60  
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat ;  
The well-curb had a Chinese roof ;  
And even the long sweep, high aloof,  
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell  
Of Pisa's leaning miracle. 65

A prompt, decisive man, no breath  
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"  
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy  
Count such a summons less than joy?)  
Our buskins on our feet we drew; 70  
    With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,  
    To guard our necks and ears from snow,  
We cut the solid whiteness through;  
And, where the drift was deepest, made  
A tunnel walled and overlaid 75  
With dazzling crystal: we had read  
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,  
And to our own his name we gave,  
With many a wish the luck were ours  
To test his lamp's supernal powers. 80  
We reached the barn with merry din,  
And roused the prisoned brutes within.  
The old horse thrust his long head out,  
And grave with wonder gazed about;  
The cock his lusty greeting said, 85  
And forth his speckled harem led;  
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,  
And mild reproach of hunger looked;  
The hornèd patriarch of the sheep,  
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep, 90  
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,  
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore  
The loosening drift its breath before;

Low circling round its southern zone, 95  
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.  
No church-bell lent its Christian tone  
To the savage air, no social smoke  
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.  
A solitude made more intense 100  
By dreary-voicèd elements,  
The shrieking of the mindless wind,  
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,  
And on the glass the unmeaning beat  
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet. 105  
Beyond the circle of our hearth  
No welcome sound of toil or mirth  
Unbound the spell, and testified  
Of human life and thought outside.  
We minded that the sharpest ear 110  
The buried brooklet could not hear,  
The music of whose liquid lip  
Had been to us companionship,  
And, in our lonely life, had grown  
To have an almost human tone. 115

As night drew on, and, from the crest  
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,  
The sun, a snow-blown traveller, sank  
From sight beneath the smothering bank,  
We piled with care our nightly stack 120  
Of wood against the chimney-back, —  
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick;  
The knotty forestick laid apart,  
And filled between with curious art 125  
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old, rude-furnished room 130  
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,

And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free. 135  
The crane and pendent trammels showed,  
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;  
While childish fancy, prompt to tell  
The meaning of the miracle,  
Whispered the old rhyme: "*Under the tree* 140  
*When fire outdoors burns merrily,*  
*There the witches are making tea.*"

The moon above the eastern wood  
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood  
Transfigured in the silver flood, 145  
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,  
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine  
Took shadow, or the sombre green  
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black  
Against the whiteness of their back. 150  
For such a world and such a night  
Most fitting that unwarming light,  
Which only seemed where'er it fell  
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without, 155  
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,  
Content to let the north-wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door,  
While the red logs before us beat  
The frost-line back with tropic heat; 160  
And ever, when a louder blast  
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,  
The merrier up its roaring draught  
The great throat of the chimney laughed,  
The house-dog on his paws outspread 165  
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,  
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall  
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;  
And, for the winter fireside meet,  
Between the andirons' straddling feet, 170

The mug of cider simmered slow,  
 The apples sputtered in a row,  
 And, close at hand, the basket stood  
 With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved? 175  
 What matter how the north-wind raved?  
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow  
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.  
 O Time and Change! — with hair as gray  
 As was my sire's that winter day, 180  
 How strange it seems, with so much gone  
 Of life and love, to still live on!  
 Ah, brother! only I and thou  
 Are left of all that circle now, —  
 The dear home faces whereupon 185  
 That fitful firelight paled and shone.  
 Henceforward, listen as we will,  
 The voices of that hearth are still;  
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,  
 Those lighted faces smile no more. 190  
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,  
     We sit beneath their orchard trees,  
     We hear, like them, the hum of bees  
 And rustle of the bladed corn;  
 We turn the pages that they read, 195  
     Their written words we linger o'er,  
 But in the sun they cast no shade,  
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,  
     No step is on the conscious floor!  
 Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust 200  
 (Since He who knows our need is just)  
 That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.  
 Alas for him who never sees  
 The stars shine through his cypress-trees!  
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, 205  
 Nor looks to see the breaking day  
 Across the mournful marbles play!  
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,  
     The truth to flesh and sense unknown,



#### THE KITCHEN IN WHITTIER'S HOME

From a photograph. The room on the right, opening from the kitchen, is the chamber in which the poet was born. The homestead is now owned by a Whittier Memorial Association, and, being open to the public, is visited by thousands of persons annually.







That Life is ever lord of Death, 210  
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old,  
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told,  
Or stammered from our school-book lore  
“The chief of Gambia’s golden shore.” 215  
How often since, when all the land  
Was clay in Slavery’s shaping hand,  
As if a far-blown trumpet stirred  
The languorous, sin-sick air, I heard  
“Does not the voice of reason cry, 220  
    *Claim the first right which Nature gave,  
From the red scourge of bondage fly  
    Nor deign to live a burdened slave!*”  
Our father rode again his ride  
On Memphremagog’s wooded side; 225  
Sat down again to moose and samp  
In trapper’s hut and Indian camp;  
Lived o’er the old idyllic ease  
Beneath St. François’ hemlock trees;  
Again for him the moonlight shone 230  
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;  
Again he heard the violin play  
Which led the village dance away,  
And mingled in its merry whirl  
The grandam and the laughing girl. 235  
Or, nearer home, our steps he led  
Where Salisbury’s level marshes spread  
    Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;  
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,  
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along 240  
    The low green prairies of the sea.  
We shared the fishing off Boar’s Head,  
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals  
    The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;  
The chowder on the sand-beach made, 245  
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,  
With spoons of clam-shell from the pot.

We heard the tales of witchcraft old,  
And dream and sign and marvel told  
To sleepy listeners as they lay 250  
Stretched idly on the salted hay,  
Adrift along the winding shores,  
    When favoring breezes deigned to blow  
    The square sail of the gundalow,  
And idle lay the useless oars. 255

Our mother, while she turned her wheel  
Or run the new-knit stocking-heel,  
Told how the Indian hordes came down  
At midnight on Cochecho town,  
And how her own great-uncle bore 260  
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.  
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,  
    So rich and picturesque and free  
    (The common unrhymed poetry  
Of simple life and country ways), 265  
The story of her early days, —  
She made us welcome to her home ;  
Old hearths grew wide to give us room,  
We stole with her a frightened look  
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book, 270  
The fame whereof went far and wide  
Through all the simple country-side ;  
We heard the hawks at twilight play,  
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,  
The loon's weird laughter far away ; 275  
We fished her little trout-brook, knew  
What flowers in wood and meadow grew,  
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown  
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down,  
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay 280  
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay,  
And heard the wild geese calling loud  
Beneath the gray November cloud.  
Then, haply, with a look more grave,  
And soberer tone, some tale she gave 285

From painful Sewel's ancient tome,  
Beloved in every Quaker home,  
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,  
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint, —  
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint! — 290  
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,  
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,  
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued  
His portly presence, mad for food,  
With dark hints muttered under breath 295  
Of casting lots for life or death,  
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,  
To be himself the sacrifice.  
Then, suddenly, as if to save  
The good man from his living grave, 300  
A ripple on the water grew,  
A school of porpoise flashed in view.  
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;  
These fishes in my stead are sent  
By Him who gave the tangled ram 305  
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,  
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,  
The ancient teachers never dumb  
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum. 310  
In moons and tides and weather wise,  
He read the clouds as prophecies,  
And foul or fair could well divine,  
By many an occult hint and sign,  
Holding the cunning-warded keys 315  
To all the woodcraft mysteries;  
Himself to Nature's heart so near  
That all her voices in his ear  
Of beast or bird had meanings clear,  
Like Apollonius of old, 320  
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,  
Or Hermes, who interpreted  
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;

A simple, guileless, childlike man,  
 Content to live where life began ; 325  
 Strong only on his native grounds,  
 The little world of sights and sounds  
 Whose girdle was the parish bounds,  
 Whereof his fondly partial pride  
 The common features magnified, 330  
 As Surrey hills to mountains grew  
 In White of Selborne's loving view, —  
 He told how teal and loon he shot,  
 And how the eagle's eggs he got,  
 The feats on pond and river done, 335  
 The prodigies of rod and gun ;  
 Till, warming with the tales he told,  
 Forgotten was the outside cold,  
 The bitter wind unheeded blew,  
 From ripening corn the pigeons flew, 340  
 The partridge drummed i' the wood, the mink  
 Went fishing down the river-brink.  
 In fields with bean or clover gay,  
 The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,  
     Peered from the doorway of his cell ; 345  
 The muskrat plied the mason's trade,  
 And tier by tier his mud-walls laid ;  
 And from the shagbark overhead  
     The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer 350  
 And voice in dreams I see and hear, —  
 The sweetest woman ever Fate  
 Perverse denied a household mate,  
 Who, lonely, homeless, not the less  
 Found peace in love's unselfishness, 355  
 And welcome whereso'er she went,  
 A calm and gracious element,  
 Whose presence seemed the sweet income  
 And womanly atmosphere of home, —  
 Called up her girlhood memories, 360  
 The huskings and the apple-bees,

The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,  
Weaving through all the poor details  
And homespun warp of circumstance  
A golden woof-thread of romance. 365  
For well she kept her genial mood  
And simple faith of maidenhood;  
Before her still a cloud-land lay,  
The mirage loomed across her way;  
The morning dew, that dried so soon 370  
With others, glistened at her noon;  
Through years of toil and soil and care,  
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,  
All unprofaned she held apart  
The virgin fancies of the heart. 375  
Be shame to him of woman born  
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied  
Her evening task the stand beside;  
A full, rich nature, free to trust, 380  
Truthful and almost sternly just,  
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,  
And make her generous thought a fact,  
Keeping with many a light disguise  
The secret of self-sacrifice. 385  
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best  
That Heaven itself could give thee, — rest,  
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!  
How many a poor one's blessing went  
With thee beneath the low green tent 390  
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part  
Of all she saw, and let her heart  
Against the household bosom lean,  
Upon the motley-braided mat 395  
Our youngest and our dearest sat,  
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,  
Now bathed within the fadeless green  
And holy peace of Paradise.

Oh, looking from some heavenly hill, 400  
Or from the shade of saintly palms,  
Or silver reach of river calms,  
Do those large eyes behold me still?  
With me one little year ago:—  
The chill weight of the winter snow 405  
For months upon her grave has lain;  
And now, when summer south-winds blow  
And brier and harebell bloom again,  
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,  
I see the violet-sprinkled sod, 410  
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak  
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,  
Yet following me where'er I went  
With dark eyes full of love's content.  
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills 415  
The air with sweetness; all the hills  
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;  
But still I wait with ear and eye  
For something gone which should be nigh,  
A loss in all familiar things, 420  
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.  
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold? 425  
What chance can mar the pearl and gold  
Thy love hath left in trust with me?  
And while in life's late afternoon,  
Where cool and long the shadows grow,  
I walk to meet the night that soon 430  
Shall shape and shadow overflow,  
I cannot feel that thou art far,  
Since near at need the angels are;  
And when the sunset gates unbar,  
Shall I not see thee waiting stand, 435  
And, white against the evening star,  
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,  
The master of the district school  
Held at the fire his favored place; 440  
Its warm glow lit a laughing face  
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared  
The uncertain prophecy of beard.  
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,  
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat, 445  
Sang songs, and told us what befalls  
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.  
Born the wild Northern hills among,  
From whence his yeoman father wrung  
By patient toil subsistence scant, 450  
Not competence and yet not want,  
He early gained the power to pay  
His cheerful, self-reliant way;  
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown  
To peddle wares from town to town; 455  
Or through the long vacation's reach  
In lonely lowland districts teach,  
Where all the droll experience found  
At stranger hearths in boarding round,  
The moonlit skater's keen delight, 460  
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,  
The rustic party, with its rough  
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,  
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,  
His winter task a pastime made. 465  
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein  
He tuned his merry violin,  
Or played the athlete in the barn,  
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,  
Or mirth-provoking versions told 470  
Of classic legends rare and old,  
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome  
Had all the commonplace of home,  
And little seemed at best the odds  
'Twixt Yankee pedlers and old gods; 475  
Where Pindus-born Arachthus took  
The guise of any grist-mill brook,



And dread Olympus at his will  
Became a huckleberry hill.  
A careless boy that night he seemed ; 480  
But at his desk he had the look  
And air of one who wisely schemed,  
And hostage from the future took  
In trainèd thought and lore of book.  
Large-brained, clear-eyed, — of such as he 485  
Shall Freedom's young apostles be,  
Who, following in War's bloody trail,  
Shall every lingering wrong assail ;  
All chains from limb and spirit strike, 490  
Uplift the black and white alike ;  
Scatter before their swift advance  
The darkness and the ignorance,  
The pride, the lust, the squalid sloth,  
Which nurtured Treason's monstrous growth,  
Made murder pastime, and the hell 495  
Of prison-torture possible ;  
The cruel lie of caste refute,  
Old forms remould, and substitute  
For Slavery's lash the freeman's will,  
For blind routine, wise-handed skill ; 500  
A school-house plant on every hill,  
Stretching in radiate nerve-lines thence  
The quick wires of intelligence ;  
Till North and South together brought  
Shall own the same electric thought, 505  
In peace a common flag salute,  
And, side by side in labor's free  
And unresentful rivalry,  
Harvest the fields wherein they fought.

Another guest that winter night 510  
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.  
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,  
The honeyed music of her tongue  
And words of meekness scarcely told  
A nature passionate and bold, 515  
Strong, self-concentred, spurning guide,



Its milder features dwarfed beside  
Her unbent will's majestic pride.  
She sat among us, at the best,  
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest, 520  
Rebuking with her cultured phrase  
Our homeliness of words and ways.  
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace  
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,  
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash; 525  
And under low brows, black with night,  
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;  
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face  
Presaging ill to him whom Fate  
Condemned to share her love or hate. 530  
A woman tropical, intense  
In thought and act, in soul and sense,  
She blended in a like degree  
The vixen and the devotee,  
Revealing with each freak or feint 535  
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,  
The raptures of Siena's saint.  
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist  
Had facile power to form a fist;  
The warm, dark languish of her eyes 540  
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.  
Brows saintly calm and lips devout  
Knew every change of scowl and pout;  
And the sweet voice had notes more high  
And shrill for social battle-cry. 545  
Since then what old cathedral town  
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,  
What convent-gate has held its lock  
Against the challenge of her knock!  
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares, 550  
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,  
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem  
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,  
Or startling on her desert throne  
The crazy Queen of Lebanon 555  
With claims fantastic as her own,

Her tireless feet have held their way;  
And still, unrestful, bowed, and gray,  
She watches under Eastern skies,  
    With hope each day renewed and fresh, 560  
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,  
Whereof she dreams and prophecies!  
Where'er her troubled path may be,  
    The Lord's sweet pity with her go!  
The outward wayward life we see, 565  
    The hidden springs we may not know.  
Nor is it given us to discern  
    What threads the fatal sisters spun,  
    Through what ancestral years has run  
The sorrow with the woman born, 570  
What forged her cruel chain of moods,  
What set her feet in solitudes,  
    And held the love within her mute,  
What mingled madness in the blood,  
    A lifelong discord and annoy, 575  
    Water of tears with oil of joy,  
And hid within the folded bud  
    Perversities of flower and fruit.  
It is not ours to separate  
The tangled skein of will and fate, 580  
To show what metes and bounds should stand  
Upon the soul's debatable land,  
And between choice and Providence  
Divide the circle of events;  
    But He who knows our frame is just, 585  
Merciful and compassionate,  
And full of sweet assurances  
And hope for all the language is,  
    That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low, 590  
Sent out a dull and duller glow,  
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,  
Ticking its weary circuit through,  
Pointed with mutely-warning sign  
Its black hand to the hour of nine. 595

That sign the pleasant circle broke:  
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,  
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,  
And laid it tenderly away,  
Then roused himself to safely cover 600  
The dull red brand with ashes over.  
And while, with care, our mother laid  
The work aside, her steps she stayed  
One moment, seeking to express  
Her grateful sense of happiness 605  
For food and shelter, warmth and health,  
And love's contentment more than wealth,  
With simple wishes (not the weak,  
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,  
But such as warm the generous heart, 610  
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)  
That none might lack, that bitter night,  
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard  
The wind that round the gables roared, 615  
With now and then a ruder shock,  
Which made our very bedsteads rock.  
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,  
The board-nails snapping in the frost;  
And on us, through the unplastered wall, 620  
Felt the lightsifted snow-flakes fall;  
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do  
When hearts are light and life is new;  
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,  
Till in the summer-land of dreams 625  
They softened to the sound of streams,  
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,  
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout  
Of merry voices high and clear; 630  
And saw the teamsters drawing near  
To break the drifted highways out.

Down the long hillside treading slow  
We saw the half-buried oxen go,  
Shaking the snow from heads uptost, 635  
Their straining nostrils white with frost.  
Before our door the straggling train  
Drew up, an added team to gain.  
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,  
    Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes 640  
    From lip to lip; the younger folks  
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,  
Then toiled again the cavalcade  
    O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,  
    And woodland paths that wound between 645  
Low drooping-pine-boughs winter-weighed.  
From every barn a team afoot,  
At every house a new recruit,  
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,  
Haply the watchful young men saw 650  
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls  
And curious eyes of merry girls,  
Lifting their hands in mock defence  
Against the snow-balls' compliments,  
And reading in each missive tost 655  
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh-bells' sound;  
And, following where the teamsters led,  
The wise old Doctor went his round,  
Just pausing at our door to say 660  
In the brief autocratic way  
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,  
Was free to urge her claim on all,  
    That some poor neighbor sick abed  
At night our mother's aid would need. 665  
For, one in generous thought and deed,  
    What mattered in the sufferer's sight  
    The Quaker matron's inward light,  
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?  
All hearts confess the saints elect 670  
    Who, twain in faith, in love agree,

And melt not in an acid sect  
The Christian pearl of charity !

So days went on : a week had passed  
Since the great world was heard from last. 675  
The Almanac we studied o'er,  
Read and reread our little store  
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score ;  
One harmless novel, mostly hid  
From younger eyes, a book forbid, 680  
And poetry, (or good or bad,  
A single book was all we had,)  
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,  
A stranger to the heathen Nine,  
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine, 685  
The wars of David and the Jews.  
At last the floundering carrier bore  
The village paper to our door.  
Lo ! broadening outward as we read,  
To warmer zones the horizon spread ; 690  
In panoramic length unrolled  
We saw the marvel that it told.  
Before us passed the painted Creeks,  
And daft McGregor on his raids  
In Costa Rica's everglades. 695  
And up Taygetus winding slow  
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,  
A Turk's head at each saddle bow !  
Welcome to us its week-old news,  
Its corner for the rustic Muse, 700  
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,  
Its record, mingling in a breath  
The wedding bell and dirge of death :  
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,  
The latest culprit sent to jail ; 705  
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,  
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,  
And traffic calling loud for gain.  
We felt the stir of hall and street,  
The pulse of life that round us beat ; 710

The chill embargo of the snow  
 Was melted in the genial glow;  
 Wide swung again our ice-locked door,  
 And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look 715  
 And folded wings of ashen gray  
 And voice of echoes far away,  
 The brazen covers of thy book;  
 The weird palimpsest old and vast,  
 Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past; 720  
 Where, closely mingling, pale and glow  
 The characters of joy and woe;  
 The monographs of outlived years,  
 Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,  
 Green hills of life that slope to death, 725  
 And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees  
 Shade off to mournful cypresses  
 With the white amaranths underneath.  
 Even while I look, I can but heed  
 The restless sands' incessant fall, 730  
 Importunate hours that hours succeed,  
 Each clamorous with its own sharp need,  
 And duty keeping pace with all.  
 Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;  
 I hear again the voice that bids 735  
 The dreamer leave his dream midway  
 For larger hopes and graver fears:  
 Life greatens in these later years,  
 The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life, 740  
 Some Truce of God which breaks the strife,  
 The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,  
 Dreaming in throngful city ways  
 Of winter joys his boyhood knew;  
 And dear and early friends — the few 745  
 Who yet remain — shall pause to view  
 These Flemish pictures of old days;  
 Sit with me by the homestead hearth,

And stretch the hands of memory forth  
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze! 750  
And thanks untraced to lips unknown  
Shall greet me like the odors blown  
From unseen meadows newly mown,  
Or lilies floating in some pond,  
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond; 755  
The traveller owns the grateful sense  
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,  
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare  
The benediction of the air.

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## AMONG THE HILLS

## PRELUDE

ALONG the roadside, like the flowers of gold  
That tawny Incas for their gardens wrought,  
Heavy with sunshine droops the golden-rod,  
And the red pennons of the cardinal-flowers  
Hang motionless upon their upright staves. 5  
The sky is hot and hazy, and the wind,  
Wing-weary with its long flight from the south,  
Unfelt; yet, closely scanned, yon maple leaf  
With faintest motion, as one stirs in dreams,  
Confesses it. The locust by the wall 10  
Stabs the noon-silence with his sharp alarm.  
A single hay-cart down the dusty road  
Creaks slowly, with its driver fast asleep  
On the load's top. Against the neighboring hill,  
Huddled along the stone wall's shady side, 15  
The sheep show white, as if a snowdrift still  
Defied the dog-star. Through the open door  
A drowsy smell of flowers — gray heliotrope,  
And white sweet clover, and shy mignonette —  
Comes faintly in, and silent chorus lends 20  
To the pervading symphony of peace.



No time is this for hands long over-worn  
To task their strength: and (unto Him be praise  
Who giveth quietness!) the stress and strain  
Of years that did the work of centuries 25  
Have ceased, and we can draw our breath once  
more

Freely and full. So, as yon harvesters  
Make glad their nooning underneath the elms  
With tale and riddle and old snatch of song,  
I lay aside grave themes; and idly turn 30  
The leaves of memory's sketch-book, dreaming o'er  
Old summer pictures of the quiet hills,  
And human life, as quiet, at their feet.

And yet not idly all. A farmer's son,  
Proud of field-lore and harvest craft; and feeling 35  
All their fine possibilities, how rich  
And restful even poverty and toil  
Become when beauty, harmony, and love  
Sit at their humble hearth as angels sat  
At evening in the patriarch's tent, when man 40  
Makes labor noble, and his farmer's frock  
The symbol of a Christian chivalry,  
Tender and just and generous to her  
Who clothes with grace all duty; still, I know  
Too well the picture has another side. 45  
How wearily the grind of toil goes on  
Where love is wanting, how the eye and ear  
And heart are starved amidst the plenitude  
Of nature, and how hard and colorless  
Is life without an atmosphere. I look 50  
Across the lapse of half a century,  
And a call to mind old homesteads, where no  
flower

Told that the spring had come, but evil weeds,  
Nightshade and rough-leaved burdock, in the place  
Of the sweet doorway greeting of the rose 55  
And honeysuckle, where the house walls seemed  
Blistering in sun, without a tree or vine  
To cast the tremulous shadow of its leaves



Across the curtainless windows from whose panes  
Fluttered the signal rags of shiftlessness; 60  
Within, the cluttered kitchen floor, unwashed  
(Broom-clean I think they called it); the best room  
Stifling with cellar damp, shut from the air  
In hot midsummer, bookless, pictureless  
Save the inevitable sampler hung 65  
Over the fireplace, or a mourning piece,  
A green-haired woman, peony-cheeked, beneath  
Impossible willows; the wide-throated hearth  
Bristling with faded pine-boughs half concealing  
The piled-up rubbish at the chimney's back; 70  
And, in sad keeping with all things about them,  
Shrill, querulous women, sour and sullen men,  
Untidy, loveless, old before their time,  
With scarce a human interest save their own  
Monotonous round of small economies, 75  
Or the poor scandal of the neighborhood;  
Blind to the beauty everywhere revealed,  
Treading the May-flowers with regardless feet;  
For them the song-sparrow and the bobolink  
Sang not, nor winds made music in the leaves; 80  
For them in vain October's holocaust  
Burned, gold and crimson, over all the hills,  
The sacramental mystery of the woods.  
Church-goers, fearful of the unseen Powers,  
But grumbling over pulpit-tax and pew-rent, 85  
Saving, as shrewd economists, their souls  
And winter pork with the least possible outlay  
Of salt and sanctity; in daily life  
Showing as little actual comprehension  
Of Christian charity and love and duty, 90  
As if the Sermon on the Mount had been  
Outdated like a last year's almanac:  
Rich in broad woodlands and in half-tilled fields,  
And yet so pinched and bare and comfortless,  
The veriest straggler limping on his rounds, 95  
The sun and air his sole inheritance,  
Laughed at poverty that paid its taxes,  
And hugged his rags in self-complacency!

Not such should be the homesteads of a land  
 Where whoso wisely wills and acts may dwell 100  
 As king and lawgiver, in broad-acred state,  
 With beauty, art, taste, culture, books, to make  
 His hour of leisure richer than a life  
 Of fourscore to the barons of old time;  
 Our yeoman should be equal to his home, 105  
 Set in the fair, green valleys, purple walled,  
 A man to match his mountains, not to creep  
 Dwarfed and abased below them. I would fain  
 In this light way (of which I needs must own  
 With the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings, 110  
 "Story, God bless you! I have none to tell you!")  
 Invite the eye to see and heart to feel  
 The beauty and the joy within their reach, —  
 Home, and home loves, and the beatitudes  
 Of nature free to all. Haply in years 115  
 That wait to take the places of our own,  
 Heard where some breezy balcony looks down  
 On happy homes, or where the lake in the moon  
 Sleeps dreaming of the mountains, fair as Ruth,  
 In the old Hebrew pastoral, at the feet 120  
 Of Boaz, even this simple lay of mine  
 May seem the burden of a prophecy,  
 Finding its late fulfilment in a change  
 Slow as the oak's growth, lifting manhood up  
 Through broader culture, finer manners, love, 125  
 And reverence, to the level of the hills.

O Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,  
 And not of sunset, forward, not behind,  
 Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee  
 bring  
 All the old virtues, whatsoever things 130  
 Are pure and honest and of good repute,  
 But add thereto whatever bard has sung  
 Or seer has told of when in trance or dream  
 They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy!  
 Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide 135  
 Between the right and wrong; but give the heart

The freedom of its fair inheritance;  
 Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so  
     long,  
 At Nature's table feast his ear and eye  
 With joy and wonder; let all harmonies 140  
 Of sound, form, color, motion, wait upon  
 The princely guest, whether in soft attire  
 Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,  
 And, lending life to the dead form of faith,  
 Give human nature reverence for the sake 145  
 Of One who bore it, making it divine  
 With the ineffable tenderness of God;  
 Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,  
 The heirship of an unknown destiny,  
 The unsolved mystery round about us, make 150  
 A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.  
 Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things  
 Should minister, as outward types and signs  
 Of the eternal beauty which fulfils  
 The one great purpose of creation, Love, 155  
 The sole necessity of Earth and Heaven!

## AMONG THE HILLS

For weeks the clouds had raked the hills  
     And vexed the vales with raining,  
 And all the woods were sad with mist,  
     And all the brooks complaining. 160

At last, a sudden night-storm tore  
     The mountain veils asunder,  
 And swept the valleys clean before  
     The besom of the thunder.

Through Sandwich Notch the west-wind sang 165  
     Good morrow to the cotter;  
 And once again Chocorua's horn  
     Of shadow pierced the water.

Above his broad lake Ossipee,  
Once more the sunshine wearing, 170  
Stooped, tracing on that silver shield  
His grim armorial bearing.

Clear drawn against the hard blue sky  
The peaks had winter's keenness ;  
And, close on autumn's frost, the vales 175  
Had more than June's fresh greenness.

Again the sodden forest floors  
With golden lights were checkered,  
Once more rejoicing leaves in wind  
And sunshine danced and flickered. 180

It was as if the summer's late  
Atoning for its sadness  
Had borrowed every season's charm  
To end its days in gladness.

I call to mind those banded vales 185  
Of shadow and of shining,  
Through which, my hostess at my side,  
I drove in day's declining.

We held our sideling way above  
The river's whitening shallows, 190  
By homesteads old, with wide-flung barns  
Swept through and through by swallows,—

By maple orchards, belts of pine  
And larches climbing darkly  
The mountain slopes, and, over all, 195  
The great peaks rising starkly.

You should have seen that long hill-range  
With gaps of brightness riven, —  
How through each pass and hollow streamed  
The purpling lights of heaven, — 200

Rivers of gold-mist flowing down  
From far celestial fountains, —  
The great sun flaming through the rifts  
Beyond the wall of mountains !

We paused at last where home-bound cows      205  
Brought down the pasture's treasure,  
And in the barn the rhythmic flails  
Beat out a harvest measure.

We heard the night hawk's sullen plunge,  
The crow his tree-mates calling:      210  
The shadows lengthening down the slopes  
About our feet were falling,

And through them smote the level sun  
In broken lines of splendor,  
Touched the gray rocks and made the green      215  
Of the shorn grass more tender.

The maples bending o'er the gate,  
Their arch of leaves just tinted  
With yellow warmth, the golden glow  
Of coming autumn hinted.      220

Keen white between the farm-house showed,  
And smiled on porch and trellis  
The fair democracy of flowers  
That equals cot and palace.

And weaving garlands for her dog,      225  
'Twixt chidings and caresses,  
A human flower of childhood shook  
The sunshine from her tresses.

On either hand we saw the signs  
Of fancy and of shrewdness,      230  
Where taste had wound its arms of vines  
Round thrift's uncomely rudeness.

The sun-brown farmer in his frock  
Shook hands, and called to Mary :  
Bare-armed, as Juno might, she came,      235  
White-aproned from her dairy.

Her air, her smile, her motions, told  
Of womanly completeness;  
A music as of household songs  
Was in her voice of sweetness.      240

Not beautiful in curve and line  
But something more and better,  
The secret charm eluding art,  
Its spirit, not its letter; —

An inborn grace that nothing lacked      245  
Of culture or appliance, —  
The warmth of genial courtesy,  
The calm of self-reliance.

Before her queenly womanhood  
How dared our hostess utter      250  
The paltry errand of her need  
To buy her fresh-churned butter?

She led the way with housewife pride,  
Her goodly store disclosing,  
Full tenderly the golden balls      255  
With practised hands disposing.

Then, while along the western hills  
We watched the changeful glory  
Of sunset, on our homeward way,  
I heard her simple story.      260

The early crickets sang; the stream  
Plashed through my friend's narration :  
Her rustic patois of the hills  
Lost in my free translation.

“ More wise,” she said, “ than those who swarm 265  
Our hills in middle summer,  
She came, when June’s first roses blow,  
To greet the early comer.

“ From school and ball and rout she came,  
The city’s fair, pale daughter, 270  
To drink the wine of mountain air  
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

“ Her step grew firmer on the hills  
That watch our homesteads over;  
On cheek and lip, from summer fields, 275  
She caught the bloom of clover.

“ For health comes sparkling in the streams  
From cool Chocorua stealing:  
There ’s iron in our Northern winds ;  
Our pines are trees of healing. 280

“ She sat beneath the broad-armed elms  
That skirt the mowing-meadow,  
And watched the gentle west-wind weave  
The grass with shine and shadow.

“ Beside her, from the summer heat 285  
To share her grateful screening,  
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,  
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

“ Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face  
Had nothing mean or common, — 290  
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness  
And pride beloved of woman.

“ She looked up, glowing with the health  
The country air had brought her,  
And, laughing, said : ‘ You lack a wife, 295  
Your mother lacks a daughter.



“To mend your frock and bake your bread  
You do not need a lady :  
Be sure among these brown old homes  
Is some one waiting ready, — 300

“Some fair, sweet girl, with skilful hand  
And cheerful heart for treasure,  
Who never played with ivory keys,  
Or danced the polka's measure.’

“He bent his black brows to a frown, 305  
He set his white teeth tightly.  
‘Tis well,’ he said, ‘for one like you  
To choose for me so lightly.

“You think, because my life is rude,  
I take no note of sweetness : 310  
I tell you love has naught to do  
With meetness or unmeetness.

“Itself its best excuse, it asks  
No leave of pride or fashion  
When silken zone or homespun frock 315  
It stirs with throbs of passion.

“You think me deaf and blind : you bring  
Your winning graces hither  
As free as if from cradle-time  
We two had played together. 320

“You tempt me with your laughing eyes,  
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,  
A motion as of waving grain,  
A music as of thrushes.

“The plaything of your summer sport, 325  
The spells you weave around me  
You cannot at your will undo,  
Nor leave me as you found me.



“ You go as lightly as you came,  
Your life is well without me ; 330  
What care you that these hills will close  
Like prison walls about me ?

“ No mood is mine to seek a wife,  
Or daughter for my mother :  
Who loves you loses in that love 335  
All power to love another !

“ I dare your pity or your scorn,  
With pride your own exceeding ;  
I fling my heart into your lap  
Without a word of pleading.’ 340

“ She looked up in his face of pain,  
So archly, yet so tender :  
‘ And if I lend you mine,’ she said,  
‘ Will you forgive the lender ?

“ Nor frock nor tan can hide the man ; 345  
And see you not, my farmer,  
How weak and fond a woman waits  
Behind this silken armor ?

“ I love you : on that love alone,  
And not my worth, presuming, 350  
Will you not trust for summer fruit  
The tree in May-day blooming ?’

“ Alone the hangbird overhead,  
His hair-swung cradle staining,  
Looked down to see love’s miracle, — 355  
The giving that is gaining

“ And so the farmer found a wife,  
His mother found a daughter :  
There looks no happier home than hers  
On pleasant Bearcamp Water. 360

"Flowers spring to blossom where she walks  
The careful ways of duty;  
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her  
Are flowing curves of beauty.

"Our homes are cheerier for her sake, 365  
Our door-yards brighter blooming,  
And all about the social air  
Is sweeter for her coming.

"Unspoken homilies of peace  
Her daily life is preaching; 370  
The still refreshment of the dew  
Is her unconscious teaching.

"And never tenderer hand than hers  
Unknits the brow of ailing;  
Her garments to the sick man's ear 375  
Have music in their trailing.

"And when, in pleasant harvest moons,  
The youthful huskers gather,  
Or sleigh-drives on the mountain ways  
Defy the winter weather, — 380

"In sugar-camps, when south and warm  
The winds of March are blowing,  
And sweetly from its thawing veins  
The maple's blood is flowing, —

"In summer, where some lilled pond 385  
Its virgin zone is baring,  
Or where the ruddy autumn fire  
Lights up the apple-paring, —

"The coarseness of a ruder time  
Her finer mirth displaces, 390  
A subtler sense of pleasure fills  
Each rustic sport she graces.

- “ Her presence lends its warmth and health  
To all who come before it.  
If woman lost us Eden, such 395  
As she alone restore it.
- “ For larger life and wiser aims  
The farmer is her debtor;  
Who holds to his another’s heart  
Must needs be worse or better. 400
- “ Through her his civic service shows  
A purer-toned ambition;  
No double consciousness divides  
The man and politician.
- “ In party’s doubtful ways he trusts 405  
Her instincts to determine;  
At the loud polls, the thought of her  
Recalls Christ’s Mountain Sermon.
- “ He owns her logic of the heart,  
And wisdom of unreason, 410  
Supplying, while he doubts and weighs,  
The needed word in season.
- “ He sees with pride her richer thought,  
Her fancy’s freer ranges;  
And love thus deepened to respect 415  
Is proof against all changes.
- “ And if she walks at ease in ways  
His feet are slow to travel,  
And if she reads with cultured eyes  
What his may scarce unravel, 420
- “ Still clearer, for her keener sight  
Of beauty and of wonder,  
He learns the meaning of the hills  
He dwelt from childhood under.

“ And higher, warmed with summer lights, 425  
Or winter-crowned and hoary,  
The rigid horizon lifts for him  
Its inner veils of glory.

“ He has his own free, bookless lore,  
The lessons nature taught him, 430  
The wisdom which the woods and hills  
And toiling men have brought him :

“ The steady force of will whereby  
Her flexile grace seems sweeter ;  
The sturdy counterpoise which makes 435  
Her woman’s life completer :

“ A latent fire of soul which lacks  
No breath of love to fan it ;  
And wit, that like his native brooks,  
Plays over solid granite. 440

“ How dwarfed against his manliness  
She sees the poor pretension,  
The wants, the aims, the follies, born  
Of fashion and convention !

“ How life behind its accidents 445  
Stands strong and self-sustaining,  
The human fact transcending all  
The losing and the gaining.

“ And so, in grateful interchange  
Of teacher and of hearer, 450  
Their lives their true distinctness keep  
While daily drawing nearer.

“ And if the husband or the wife  
In home’s strong light discovers  
Such slight defaults as failed to meet 455  
The blinded eyes of lovers,

“Why need we care to ask?—who dreams  
Without their thorns of roses,  
Or wonders that the truest steel  
The readiest spark discloses? 460

“For still in mutual sufferance lies  
The secret of true living :  
Love scarce is love that never knows  
The sweetness of forgiving.

“We send the Squire to General Court, 465  
He takes his young wife thither ;  
No prouder man election day  
Rides through the sweet June weather.

“He sees with eyes of manly trust  
All hearts to her inclining ; 470  
Not less for him his household light  
That others share its shining.”

Thus, while my hostess spake, there grew  
Before me, warmer tinted  
And outlined with a tenderer grace, 475  
The picture that she hinted.

The sunset smouldered as we drove  
Beneath the deep hill-shadows.  
Below us wreaths of white fog walked  
Like ghosts the haunted meadows. 480

Sounding the summer night, the stars  
Dropped down their golden plummets  
The pale arc of the Northern lights  
Rose o'er the mountain summits, —

Until, at last, beneath its bridge, 485  
We heard the Bearcamp flowing,  
And saw across the mapled lawn  
The welcome home-lights glowing ; —

And, musing on the tale I heard,  
 'T were well, thought I, if often, 490  
 To rugged farm-life came the gift  
 To harmonize and soften ;—

If more and more we found the troth  
 Of fact and fancy plighted,  
 And culture's charm and labor's strength 495  
 In rural homes united, —

The simple life, the homely hearth,  
 With beauty's sphere surrounding,  
 And blessing toil where toil abounds  
 With graces more abounding. 500

## SONGS OF LABOR

### DEDICATION

I WOULD the gift I offer here  
 Might graces from thy favor take,  
 And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere,  
 On softened lines and coloring, wear  
 The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake. 5

Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain :  
 But what I have I give to thee,  
 The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,  
 And paler flowers, the later rain 9  
 Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal lea.

Above the fallen groves of green,  
 Where youth's enchanted forest stood,  
 Dry root and mossèd trunk between,  
 A sober after-growth is seen,  
 As springs the pine where falls the gay-leafed maple  
 wood! 15

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play  
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree;  
And through the bleak and wintry day  
It keeps its steady green alway, —  
So, even my after-thoughts may have a charm for  
thee. 20.

Art's perfect forms no moral need,  
And beauty is its own excuse;  
But for the dull and flowerless weed  
Some healing virtue still must plead,  
And the rough ore must find its honors in its use. 25

So haply these, my simple lays  
Of homely toil, may serve to show  
The orchard bloom and tasselled maize  
That skirt and gladden duty's ways,  
The unsung beauty hid life's common things below. 30

Haply from them the toiler, bent  
Above his forge or plough, may gain  
A manlier spirit of content,  
And feel that life is wisest spent  
Where the strong working hand makes strong the  
working brain. 35

The doom which to the guilty pair  
Without the walls of Eden came,  
Transforming sinless ease to care  
And rugged toil, no more shall bear  
The burden of old crime, or mark of primal shame. 40

A blessing now, a curse no more;  
Since He, whose name we breathe with awe,  
The coarse mechanic vesture wore,  
A poor man toiling with the poor,  
In labor, as in prayer, fulfilling the same law. 45

## THE SHOEMAKERS

Ho! workers of the old time styled  
The Gentle Craft of Leather!  
Young brothers of the ancient guild,  
Stand forth once more together!  
Call out again your long array, 50  
In the olden merry manner!  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out your blazoned banner!

Rap, rap! upon the well-worn stone  
How falls the polished hammer! 55  
Rap, rap! the measured sound has grown  
A quick and merry clamor.  
Now shape the sole! now deftly curl  
The glossy vamp around it,  
And bless the while the bright-eyed girl 60  
Whose gentle fingers bound it!

For you, along the Spanish main  
A hundred keels are ploughing;  
For you, the Indian on the plain  
His lasso-coil is throwing; 65  
For you, deep glens with hemlock dark  
The woodman's fire is lighting;  
For you, upon the oak's gray bark,  
The woodman's axe is smiting.

For you, from Carolina's pine 70  
The rosin-gum is stealing;  
For you, the dark-eyed Florentine  
Her silken skein is reeling;  
For you, the dizzy goatherd roams  
His rugged Alpine ledges; 75  
For you, round all her shepherd homes,  
Bloom England's thorny hedges.

The foremost still, by day or night,  
On moated mound or heather,



Where'er the need of trampled right      80  
Brought toiling men together ;  
Where the free burghers from the wall  
Defied the mail-clad master,  
Than yours, at Freedom's trumpet-call,  
No craftsman rallied faster.      85

Let foplings sneer, let fools deride,  
Ye heed no idle scorner ;  
Free hands and hearts are still your pride,  
And duty done, your honor.  
Ye dare to trust, for honest fame,      90  
The jury Time empanels,  
And leave to truth each noble name  
Which glorifies your annals.

Thy songs, Hans Sachs, are living yet,  
In strong and hearty German ;      95  
And Bloomfield's lay, and Gifford's wit,  
And patriot fame of Sherman ;  
Still from his book, a mystic seer,  
The soul of Behmen teaches,  
And England's priestcraft shakes to hear      100  
Of Fox's leathern breeches.

The foot is yours ; where'er it falls,  
It treads your well-wrought leather  
On earthen floor, in marble halls,  
On carpet, or on heather.      105  
Still there the sweetest charm is found  
Of matron grace or vestal's,  
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round  
Among the old celestials !

Rap, rap ! your stout and rough brogan,      110  
With footsteps slow and weary,  
May wander where the sky's blue span  
Shuts down upon the prairie.  
On Beauty's foot your slippers glance,  
By Saratoga's fountains,      115

Or twinkle down the summer dance  
Beneath the Crystal Mountains!

The red brick to the mason's hand,  
The brown earth to the tiller's,  
The shoe in yours shall wealth command, 120  
Like fairy Cinderella's!  
As they who shunned the household maid  
Beheld the crown upon her,  
So all shall see your toil repaid  
With hearth and home and honor. 125

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,  
In water cool and brimming, —  
"All honor to the good old Craft,  
Its merry men and women!"  
Call out again your long array, 130  
In the old time's pleasant manner:  
Once more, on gay St. Crispin's day,  
Fling out his blazoned banner!

### THE FISHERMEN

HURRAH! the seaward breezes  
Sweep down the bay amain; 135  
Heave up, my lads, the anchor!  
Run up the sail again!  
Leave to the lubber landsmen  
The rail-car and the steed;  
The stars of heaven shall guide us, 140  
The breath of heaven shall speed.

From the hill-top looks the steeple,  
And the light-house from the sand;  
And the scattered pines are waving  
Their farewell from the land. 145  
One glance, my lads, behind us,  
For the homes we leave one sigh  
Ere we take the change and chances  
Of the ocean and the sky.

Now, brothers, for the icebergs 150  
Of frozen Labrador,  
Floating spectral in the moonshine,  
Along the low, black shore!  
Where like snow the gannet's feathers  
On Brador's rocks are shed, 155  
And the noisy murr are flying,  
Like black scuds, overhead;

Where in mist the rock is hiding,  
And the sharp reef lurks below,  
And the white squall smites in summer, 160  
And the autumn tempests blow;  
Where through gray and rolling vapor,  
From evening unto morn,  
A thousand boats are hailing,  
Horn answering unto horn. 165

Hurrah! for the Red Island,  
With the white cross on its crown!  
Hurrah! for Meccatina,  
And its mountains bare and brown!  
Where the Caribou's tall antlers 170  
O'er the dwarf-wood freely toss,  
And the footstep of the Mickmack  
Has no sound upon the moss.

There we'll drop our lines, and gather  
Old Ocean's treasures in, 175  
Where'er the mottled mackerel  
Turns up a steel-dark fin.  
The sea's our field of harvest,  
Its scaly tribes our grain;  
We'll reap the teeming waters 180  
As at home they reap the plain!

Our wet hands spread the carpet,  
And light the hearth of home;  
From our fish, as in the old time,  
The silver coin shall come. 185

As the demon fled the chamber  
 Where the fish of Tobit lay,  
 So ours from all our dwellings  
 Shall frighten Want away.

Though the mist upon our jackets 190  
 In the bitter air congeals,  
 And our lines wind stiff and slowly  
 From off the frozen reels ;  
 Though the fog be dark around us,  
 And the storm blow high and loud, 195  
 We will whistle down the wild wind,  
 And laugh beneath the cloud !

In the darkness as in daylight,  
 On the water as on land,  
 God's eye is looking on us, 200  
 And beneath us is His hand  
 Death will find us soon or later,  
 On the deck or in the cot ;  
 And we cannot meet him better  
 Than in working out our lot. 205

Hurrah ! hurrah ! the west-wind  
 Comes freshening down the bay,  
 The rising sails are filling ;  
 Give way, my lads, give way !  
 Leave the coward landsman clinging 210  
 To the dull earth, like a weed ;  
 The stars of heaven shall guide us,  
 The breath of heaven shall speed !

### THE LUMBERMEN

WILDLY round our woodland quarters  
 Sad-voiced Autumn grieves ; 215  
 Thickly down these swelling waters  
 Float his fallen leaves.

Through the tall and naked timber,  
Column-like and old,  
Gleam the sunsets of November, 220  
From their skies of gold.

O'er us, to the southland heading,  
Screams the gray wild-goose ;  
On the night-frost sounds the treading  
Of the brindled moose. 225  
Noiseless creeping, while we 're sleeping,  
Frost his task-work plies ;  
Soon, his icy bridges heaping,  
Shall our log-piles rise.

When, with sounds of smothered thunder, 230  
On some night of rain,  
Lake and river break asunder  
Winter's weakened chain,  
Down the wild March flood shall bear them  
To the saw-mill's wheel, 235  
Or where Steam, the slave, shall tear them  
With his teeth of steel.

Be it starlight, be it moonlight,  
In these vales below,  
When the earliest beams of sunlight 240  
Streak the mountain's snow,  
Crisps the hoar-frost, keen and early,  
To our hurrying feet,  
And the forest echoes clearly,  
All our blows repeat. 245

Where the crystal Ambijejis  
Stretches broad and clear,  
And Millnocket's pine-black ridges  
Hide the browsing deer ;  
Where, through lakes and wide morasses, 250  
Or through rocky walls,  
Swift and strong, Penobscot passes  
White with foamy falls ;

Where, through clouds, are glimpses given  
Of Katahdin's sides, — 255  
Rock and forest piled to heaven,  
Torn and ploughed by slides!  
Far below, the Indian trapping,  
In the sunshine warm;  
Far above, the snow-cloud wrapping 260  
Half the peak in storm!

Where are mossy carpets better  
Than the Persian weaves,  
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter  
Seem the fading leaves; 265  
And a music wild and solemn,  
From the pine-tree's height,  
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume  
On the wind of night;

Make we here our camp of winter; 270  
And, through sleet and snow,  
Pitchy knot and beechen splinter  
On our hearth shall glow.  
Here, with mirth to lighten duty,  
We shall lack alone 275  
Woman's smile and girlhood's beauty,  
Childhood's lisping tone.

But their hearth is brighter burning  
For our toil to-day;  
And the welcome of returning 280  
Shall our loss repay,  
When, like seamen from the waters,  
From the woods we come,  
Greeting sisters, wives, and daughters,  
Angels of our home! 285

Not for us the measured ringing  
From the village spire,  
Not for us the Sabbath singing  
Of the sweet-voiced choir;

Ours the old, majestic temple, 290  
Where God's brightness shines  
Down the dome so grand and ample,  
Propped by lofty pines !

Through each branch-enwoven skylight,  
Speaks He in the breeze, 295  
As of old beneath the twilight  
Of lost Eden's trees !  
For His ear, the inward feeling  
Needs no outward tongue ;  
He can see the spirit kneeling 300  
While the axe is swung.

Heeding truth alone, and turning  
From the false and dim,  
Lamp of toil or altar burning  
Are alike to Him. 305  
Strike, then, comrades ! Trade is waiting  
On our rugged toil ;  
Far ships waiting for the freighting  
Of our woodland spoil !

Ships, whose traffic links these highlands, 310  
Bleak and cold, of ours,  
With the citron-planted islands  
Of a clime of flowers ;  
To our frosts the tribute bringing  
Of eternal heats ; 315  
In our lap of winter flinging  
Tropic fruits and sweets.

Cheerly, on the axe of labor,  
Let the sunbeams dance,  
Better than the flash of sabre 320  
Or the gleam of lance !  
Strike ! With every blow is given  
Freer sun and sky,  
And the long-hid earth to heaven  
Looks, with wondering eye ! 325



Loud behind us grow the murmurs  
Of the age to come ;  
Clang of smiths, and tread of farmers,  
Bearing harvest home !  
Here her virgin lap with treasures 330  
Shall the green earth fill ;  
Waving wheat and golden maize-ears  
Crown each beechen hill.

Keep who will the city's alleys,  
Take the smooth-shorn plain ; 335  
Give to us the cedarn valleys,  
Rocks and hills of Maine !  
In our North-land, wild and woody,  
Let us still have part ;  
Rugged nurse and mother sturdy, 340  
Hold us to thy heart !

Oh, our free hearts beat the warmer  
For thy breath of snow ;  
And our tread is all the firmer  
For thy rocks below. 345  
Freedom, hand in hand with labor,  
Walketh strong and brave ;  
On the forehead of his neighbor  
No man writeth Slave !

Lo, the day breaks ! old Katahdin's 350  
Pine-trees show its fires,  
While from these dim forest gardens  
Rise their blackened spires.  
Up, my comrades ! up and doing !  
Manhood's rugged play 355  
Still renewing, bravely hewing  
Through the world our way !

## THE SHIP-BUILDERS

THE sky is ruddy in the east,  
The earth is gray below,  
And spectral in the river-mist, 360  
The ship's white timbers show.  
Then let the sounds of measured stroke  
And grating saw begin ;  
The broad-axe to the gnarlèd oak,  
The mallet to the pin ! 365

Hark ! roars the bellows, blast on blast,  
The sooty smithy jars,  
The fire-sparks, rising far and fast,  
Are fading with the stars.  
All day for us the smith shall stand 370  
Beside that flashing forge ;  
All day for us his heavy hand  
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills, the panting team  
For us is toiling near ; 375  
For us the raftsmen down the stream  
Their island barges steer.  
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke  
In forests old and still ;  
For us the century-circled oak 380  
Falls crashing down his hill.

Up ! up ! in nobler toil than ours  
No craftsmen bear a part :  
We make of Nature's giant powers  
The slaves of human Art. 385  
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,  
And drive the treenails free ;  
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam  
Shall tempt the searching sea !

Where'er the keel of our good ship 390  
The sea's rough field shall plough ;

Where'er her tossing spars shall drip  
With salt-spray caught below ;  
That ship must heed her master's beck  
Her helm obey his hand, 395  
And seamen tread her reeling deck  
As if they trod the land.

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak  
Of Northern ice may peel ;  
The sunken rock and coral peak 400  
May grate along her keel ;  
And know we well the painted shell  
We give to wind and wave,  
Must float, the sailor's citadel,  
Or sink, the sailor's grave ! 405

Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,  
And set the good ship free!  
Why lingers on these dusty rocks  
The young bride of the sea?  
Look! how she moves adown the grooves, 410  
In graceful beauty now!  
How lowly on the breast she loves  
Sinks down her virgin prow!

God bless her! Wheresoe'er the breeze  
Her snowy wing shall fan, 415  
Aside the frozen Hebrides  
Or sultry Hindostan!  
Where'er, in mart or on the main,  
With peaceful flag unfurled,  
She helps to wind the silken chain 420  
Of commerce round the world!

Speed on the ship! But let her bear  
No merchandise of sin,  
No groaning cargo of despair  
Her roomy hold within; 425  
No Lethean drug for Eastern lands,  
Nor poison-draught for ours;

But honest fruits of toiling hands  
And Nature's sun and showers.

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain, 430  
The Desert's golden sand,  
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,  
The spice of Morning-land!  
Her pathway on the open main  
May blessings follow free, 435  
And glad hearts welcome back again  
Her white sails from the sea!

## THE DROVERS

THROUGH heat and cold, and shower and sun,  
Still onward cheerily driving!  
There's life alone in duty done, 440  
And rest alone in striving.  
But see! the day is closing cool,  
The woods are dim before us;  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us. 445

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
The landlord beckons from his door, 450  
His beechen fire is glowing;  
These ample barns, with feed in store,  
Are filled to overflowing.

From many a valley frowned across  
By brows of rugged mountains; 455  
From hillsides where, through spongy moss,  
Gush out the river fountains;  
From quiet farm-fields, green and low,  
And bright with blooming clover;  
From vales of corn the wandering crow 460  
No richer hovers over, —

Day after day our way has been  
O'er many a hill and hollow ;  
By lake and stream, by wood and glen,  
Our stately drove we follow. 465  
Through dust-clouds rising thick and dun  
As smoke of battle o'er us,  
Their white horns glisten in the sun,  
Like plumes and crests before us.

We see them slowly climb the hill, 470  
As slow behind it sinking ;  
Or, thronging close, from roadside rill,  
Or sunny lakelet, drinking.  
Now crowding in the narrow road,  
In thick and struggling masses, 475  
They glare upon the teamster's load,  
Or rattling coach that passes.

Anon, with toss of horn and tail,  
And paw of hoof, and bellow,  
They leap some farmer's broken pale, 480  
O'er meadow-close or fallow.  
Forth comes the startled goodman ; forth  
Wife, children, house-dog sally,  
Till once more on their dusty path  
The baffled truants rally. 485

We drive no starvelings, scraggy grown,  
Loose-legged, and ribbed and bony,  
Like those who grind their noses down  
On pastures bare and stony, —  
Lank oxen, rough as Indian dogs, 490  
And cows too lean for shadows,  
Disputing feebly with the frogs  
The crop of saw-grass meadows !

In our good drove, so sleek and fair,  
No bones of leanness rattle. 495  
No tottering hide-bound ghosts are there,  
Or Pharaoh's evil cattle.

Each stately beeve bespeaks the hand  
That fed him unrepining;  
The fatness of a goodly land 500  
In each dun hide is shining.

We've sought them where, in warmest nooks,  
The freshest feed is growing,  
By sweetest springs and clearest brooks  
Through honeysuckle flowing; 505  
Wherever hillsides, sloping south,  
Are bright with early grasses,  
Or, tracking green the lowland's drouth,  
The mountain streamlet passes.

But now the day is closing cool, 510  
The woods are dim before us,  
The white fog of the wayside pool  
Is creeping slowly o'er us.  
The cricket to the frog's bassoon  
His shrillest time is keeping; 515  
The sickle of yon setting moon  
The meadow-mist is reaping.

The night is falling, comrades mine,  
Our footsore beasts are weary,  
And through yon elms the tavern sign 520  
Looks out upon us cheery.  
To-morrow, eastward with our charge  
We'll go to meet the dawning,  
Ere yet the pines of Kearsarge  
Have seen the sun of morning. 525

When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,  
Instead of birds, are flitting;  
When children throng the glowing hearth,  
And quiet wives are knitting;  
While in the firelight strong and clear 530  
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,  
To tales of all we see and hear  
The ears of home shall listen.

By many a Northern lake and hill,  
From many a mountain pasture, 535  
Shall fancy play the Drover still,  
And speed the long night faster.  
Then let us on, through shower and sun,  
And heat and cold, be driving;  
There 's life alone in duty done, 540  
And rest alone in striving.

## THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal  
rain  
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with  
grass again;  
The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the wood-  
lands gay  
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-  
flowers of May. 545

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose  
broad and red,  
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped :  
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and sub-  
dued,  
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pic-  
tured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the  
night, 550  
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;  
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified  
the hill;  
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter,  
greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught  
glimpses of that sky,  
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed,  
they knew not why, 555



And school-girls gay with aster-flowers, beside the  
meadow brooks,  
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of  
sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient  
weathercocks ;  
But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as  
rocks.  
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's  
dropping shell, 560  
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rus-  
tling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-  
fields lay dry,  
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the  
pale green waves of rye ;  
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with  
wood,  
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn  
crop stood. 565

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks  
that, dry and sere,  
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the  
yellow ear ;  
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant  
fold,  
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's  
sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a  
creaking wain 570  
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk  
and grain ;  
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank  
down, at last,  
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in bright-  
ness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow,  
stream, and pond,  
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire be-  
yond, 575  
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,  
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into  
one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,  
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil  
shadows lay;  
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet  
without name, 580  
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry  
huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks  
in the mow,  
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene  
below;  
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears  
before,  
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks  
glimmering o'er. 585

Half-hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,  
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;  
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in  
its shade,  
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy  
children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young  
and fair, 590  
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft  
brown hair,  
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and  
smooth of tongue,  
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-  
ballad sung.

## THE CORN-SONG.

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard !  
Heap high the golden corn ! 595  
No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn !

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green, 600  
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest-fields with snow. 605

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our ploughs their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain 610  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair, 615  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes,  
Its harvest-time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves, 620  
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,  
And winter winds are cold,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold. 625

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
 Around their costly board ;  
 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
 By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth                      630  
 Sends up its smoky curls,  
 Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
 And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
 Whose folly laughs to scorn                      635  
 The blessing of our hardy grain,  
 Our wealth of golden corn !

Let earth withhold her goodly root,  
 Let mildew blight the rye,  
 Give to the worm the orchard's fruit                      640  
 The wheat-field to the fly :

But let the good old crop adorn  
 The hills our fathers trod ;  
 Still let us, for His golden corn,  
 Send up our thanks to God !                      645

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,  
 Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan !  
 With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
 And thy merry whistled tunes ;  
 With thy red lip, redder still                      5  
 Kissed by strawberries on the hill ;  
 With the sunshine on thy face,  
 Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace ;  
 From my heart I give thee joy, —  
 I was once a barefoot boy !                      10

Prince thou art, — the grown-up man  
Only is republican.

Let the million-dollared ride!

Barefoot, trudging at his side,

Thou hast more than he can buy

15

In the reach of ear and eye, —

Outward sunshine, inward joy:

Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,

Sleep that wakes in laughing day,

20

Health that mocks the doctor's rules,

Knowledge never learned of schools,

Of the wild bee's morning chase,

Of the wild-flower's time and place,

Flight of fowl and habitude

25

Of the tenants of the wood;

How the tortoise bears his shell,

How the woodchuck digs his cell,

And the ground-mole sinks his well;

How the robin feeds her young,

30

How the oriole's nest is hung;

Where the whitest lilies blow,

Where the freshest berries grow,

Where the ground-nut trails its vine,

Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

35

Of the black wasp's cunning way,

Mason of his walls of clay,

And the architectural plans

Of gray hornet artisans!

For, eschewing books and tasks,

40

Nature answers all he asks;

Hand in hand with her he walks,

Face to face with her he talks,

Part and parcel of her joy, —

Blessings on the barefoot boy!

45

Oh for boyhood's time of June,

Crowding years in one brief moon,

When all things I heard or saw,  
Me, their master, waited for.  
I was rich in flowers and trees, 50  
Humming-birds and honey-bees ;  
For my sport the squirrel played,  
Plied the snouted mole his spade ;  
For my taste the blackberry cone  
Purpled over hedge and stone ; 55  
Laughed the brook for my delight  
Through the day and through the night,  
Whispering at the garden wall,  
Talked with me from fall to fall ;  
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond, 60  
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,  
Mine, on bending orchard trees,  
Apples of Hesperides !  
Still as my horizon grew,  
Larger grew my riches too ; 65  
All the world I saw or knew  
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,  
Fashioned for a barefoot boy !

Oh for festal dainties spread,  
Like my bowl of milk and bread ; 70  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude !  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold, 75  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold,  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frogs' orchestra ;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire. 80  
I was monarch : pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy !

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh, as boyhood can !

Though the flinty slopes be hard, 85  
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew ;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat : 90  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil, 95  
Up and down in ceaseless moil :  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground ;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin. 100  
Ah ! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy !

## MY PLAYMATE

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,  
Their song was soft and low ;  
The blossoms in the sweet May wind  
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet, 5  
The orchard birds sang clear ;  
The sweetest and the saddest day  
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,  
My playmate left her home, 10  
And took with her the laughing spring,  
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,  
She laid her hand in mine :  
What more could ask the bashful boy 15  
Who fed her father's kine ?



She left us in the bloom of May:  
The constant years told o'er  
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,  
But she came back no more. 20

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round  
Of uneventful years;  
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring  
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year 25  
Her summer roses blow;  
The dusky children of the sun  
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands  
She smoothes her silken gown, — 30  
No more the homespun lap wherein  
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,  
The brown nuts on the hill,  
And still the May-day flowers make sweet 35  
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,  
The bird builds in the tree,  
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill  
The slow song of the sea. 40

I wonder if she thinks of them,  
And how the old time seems, —  
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood  
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice; 45  
Does she remember mine?  
And what to her is now the boy  
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build  
 For other eyes than ours, — 50  
 That other hands with nuts are filled,  
 And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!  
 Our mossy seat is green,  
 Its fringing violets blossom yet, 55  
 The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern  
 A sweeter memory blow;  
 And there in spring the veeries sing  
 The song of long ago. 60

And still the pines of Ramoth wood  
 Are moaning like the sea, —  
 The moaning of the sea of change  
 Between myself and thee!

## TELLING THE BEES

HERE is the place; right over the hill  
 Runs the path I took;  
 You can see the gap in the old wall still,  
 And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red-barred, 5  
 And the poplars tall;  
 And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,  
 And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun;  
 And down by the brink 10  
 Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'errun,  
 Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,  
 Heavy and slow;

And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows, 15  
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze:  
And the June sun warm  
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,  
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm. 20

I mind me how with a lover's care  
From my Sunday coat  
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,  
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed, — 25  
To love, a year;  
Down through the beeches I looked at last  
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now, — the slantwise rain  
Of light through the leaves, 30  
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane,  
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before, —  
The house and the trees,  
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door, — 35  
Nothing changed but the hive of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,  
Draping each hive with a shred of black. 40

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, " My Mary weeps 45  
For the dead to-day:

Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps  
The fret and the pain of his age away."

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,  
With his cane to his chin, 50  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ear sounds on:—  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence! 55  
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!"

## THE POET AND THE CHILDREN

## LONGFELLOW

With a glory of winter sunshine  
Over his locks of gray,  
In the old historic mansion  
He sat on his last birthday;

With his books and his pleasant pictures, 5  
And his household and his kin,  
While a sound as of myriads singing  
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,  
From the prairie's boundless plain, 10  
From the Golden Gate of sunset,  
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,  
And his moistening eyes grew dim,  
For he knew that his country's children 15  
Were singing the songs of him:

The lays of his life's glad morning,  
The psalms of his evening time,  
Whose echoes shall float forever  
On the winds of every clime. 20

All their beautiful consolations,  
Sent forth like birds of cheer,  
Came flocking back to his windows,  
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender, 25  
The music rose and fell  
With a joy akin to sadness  
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened  
To the voices sweet and young; 30  
The last of earth and the first of heaven  
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer  
For the wonderful change to come,  
He heard the Summoning Angel, 35  
Who calls God's children home!

And to him in a holier welcome  
Was the mystical meaning given  
Of the words of the blessed Master:  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven!" 40

## BURNS

### ON RECEIVING A SPRIG OF HEATHER IN BLOSSOM

No more these simple flowers belong  
To Scottish maid and lover;  
Sown in the common soil of song,  
They bloom the wide world over.

In smiles and tears, in sun and showers, 5  
The minstrel and the heather,  
The deathless singer and the flowers  
He sang of live together.

Wild heather-bells and Robert Burns!  
The moorland flower and peasant! 10  
How, at their mention, memory turns  
Her pages old and pleasant!

The gray sky wears again its gold  
And purple of adorning,  
And manhood's noonday shadows hold 15  
The dews of boyhood's morning.

The dews that washed the dust and soil  
From off the wings of pleasure,  
The sky, that flecked the ground of toil  
With golden threads of leisure. 20

I call to mind the summer day,  
The early harvest mowing,  
The sky with sun and clouds at play,  
And flowers with breezes blowing.

I hear the blackbird in the corn, 25  
The locust in the haying;  
And, like the fabled hunter's horn,  
Old tunes my heart is playing.

How oft that day, with fond delay,  
I sought the maple's shadow, 30  
And sang with Burns the hours away,  
Forgetful of the meadow!

Bees hummed, birds twittered, overhead  
I heard the squirrels leaping,  
The good dog listened while I read, 35  
And wagged his tail in keeping.

I watched him while in sportive mood  
I read "*The Twa Dogs*" story,  
And half believed he understood  
The poet's allegory. 40

Sweet day, sweet songs! The golden hours  
Grew brighter for that singing,  
From brook and bird and meadow flowers  
A dearer welcome bringing.

New light on home-seen Nature beamed,      45  
New glory over Woman;  
And daily life and duty seemed  
No longer poor and common.

I woke to find the simple truth  
Of fact and feeling better      50  
Than all the dreams that held my youth  
A still repining debtor:

That Nature gives her handmaid, Art,  
The themes of sweet discoursing;  
The tender idyls of the heart      55  
In every tongue rehearsing.

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,  
Of loving knight and lady,  
When farmer boy and barefoot girl  
Were wandering there already?      60

I saw through all familiar things  
The romance underlying;  
The joys and griefs that plume the wings  
Of Fancy skyward flying.

I saw the same blithe day return,      65  
The same sweet fall of even,  
That rose on wooded Craigie-burn,  
And sank on crystal Devon.

I matched with Scotland's heathery hills  
The sweetbrier and the clover;      70  
With Ayr and Doon, my native rills,  
Their wood hymns chanting over.



O'er rank and pomp, as he had seen,  
I saw the Man uprising;  
No longer common or unclean, 75  
The child of God's baptizing!

With clearer eyes I saw the worth  
Of life among the lowly;  
The Bible at his Cotter's hearth  
Had made my own more holy. 80

And if at times an evil strain,  
To lawless love appealing,  
Broke in upon the sweet refrain  
Of pure and healthful feeling,

It died upon the eye and ear, 85  
No inward answer gaining;  
No heart had I to see or hear  
The discord and the staining.

Let those who never erred forget  
His worth, in vain bewailings; 90  
Sweet Soul of Song! I own my debt  
Uncancelled by his failings!

Lament who will the ribald line  
Which tells his lapse from duty,  
How kissed the maddening lips of wine 95  
Or wanton ones of beauty;

But think, while falls that shade between  
The erring one and Heaven,  
That he who loved like Magdalen,  
Like her may be forgiven. 100

Not his the song whose thunderous chime  
Eternal echoes render;  
The mournful Tuscan's haunted rhyme,  
And Milton's starry splendor!

But who his human heart has laid 105  
 To Nature's bosom nearer?  
 Who sweetened toil like him, or paid  
 To love a tribute dearer?

Through all his tuneful art, how strong  
 The human feeling gushes! 110  
 The very moonlight of his song  
 Is warm with smiles and blushes!

Give lettered pomp to teeth of Time,  
 So "Bonnie Doon" but tarry;  
 Blot out the Epic's stately rhyme, 115  
 But spare his Highland Mary!

### ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

IN the old days (a custom laid aside  
 With breeches and cocked hats) the people sent  
 Their wisest men to make the public laws.  
 And so, from a brown homestead, where the Sound  
 Drinks the small tribute of the Mianas, 5  
 Waved over by the woods of Rippowams,  
 And hallowed by pure lives and tranquil deaths,  
 Stamford sent up to the councils of the State  
 Wisdom and grace in Abraham Davenport.

'T was on a May-day of the far old year 10  
 Seventeen hundred eighty, that there fell  
 Over the bloom and sweet life of the Spring,  
 Over the fresh earth and the heaven of noon,  
 A horror of great darkness, like the night  
 In day of which the Norland sagas tell, — 15  
 The Twilight of the Gods. The low-hung sky  
 Was black with ominous clouds, save where its rim  
 Was fringed with a dull glow, like that which climbs  
 The crater's sides from the red hell below.  
 Birds ceased to sing, and all the barn-yard fowls 20

Roosted ; the cattle at the pasture bars  
 Lowed, and looked homeward ; bats on leathern wings  
 Flitted abroad ; the sounds of labor died ;  
 Men prayed, and women wept ; all ears grew sharp  
 To hear the doom-blast of the trumpet shatter 25  
 The black sky, that the dreadful face of Christ  
 Might look from the rent clouds, not as he looked  
 A loving guest at Bethany, but stern  
 As Justice and inexorable Law.

Meanwhile in the old State House, dim as ghosts, 30  
 Sat the lawgivers of Connecticut,  
 Trembling beneath their legislative robes.  
 "It is the Lord's Great Day ! Let us adjourn,"  
 Some said ; and then, as if with one accord,  
 All eyes were turned to Abraham Davenport. 35  
 He rose, slow cleaving with his steady voice  
 The intolerable hush. "This well may be  
 The Day of Judgment which the world awaits ;  
 But be it so or not, I only know  
 My present duty, and my Lord's command 40  
 To occupy till He come. So at the post  
 Where He hath set me in His providence,  
 I choose, for one, to meet Him face to face, —  
 No faithless servant frightened from my task,  
 But ready when the Lord of the harvest calls ; 45  
 And therefore, with all reverence, I would say,  
 Let God do His work, we will see to ours.  
 Bring in the candles." And they brought them in.

Then by the flaring lights the Speaker read,  
 Albeit with husky voice and shaking hands, 50  
 An act to amend an act to regulate  
 The shad and alewife fisheries. Whereupon  
 Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,  
 Straight to the question, with no figures of speech  
 Save the ten Arab signs, yet not without 55  
 The shrewd dry humor natural to the man :  
 His awe-struck colleagues listening all the while,  
 Between the pauses of his argument,

To hear the thunder of the wrath of God  
Break from the hollow trumpet of the cloud. 60

And there he stands in memory to this day,  
Erect, self-poised, a rugged face, half seen  
Against the background of unnatural dark,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear. 65

## THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

THE proudest now is but my peer,  
The highest not more high ;  
To-day, of all the weary year,  
A king of men am I.  
To-day alike are great and small, 5  
The nameless and the known ;  
My palace is the people's hall,  
The ballot-box my throne !

Who serves to-day upon the list  
Beside the served shall stand ; 10  
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,  
The gloved and dainty hand !  
The rich is level with the poor,  
The weak is strong to-day ;  
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more 15  
Than homespun frock of gray.

To-day let pomp and vain pretence  
My stubborn right abide ;  
I set a plain man's common sense  
Against the pedant's pride. 20  
To-day shall simple manhood try  
The strength of gold and land ;  
The wide world has not wealth to buy  
The power in my right hand !

While there's a grief to seek redress, 25  
Or balance to adjust,

Where weighs our living manhood less  
 Than Mammon's vilest dust, —  
 While there's a right to need my vote,  
 A wrong to sweep away, 30  
 Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!  
 A man's a man to-day!

## THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis, one day,  
 While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray  
 Alone with God, as was his pious choice,  
 Heard from without a miserable voice,  
 A sound which seemed of all sad things to tell, 5  
 As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot paused; the chain whereby  
 His thoughts went upward broken by that cry;  
 And, looking from the casement, saw below  
 A wretched woman, with gray hair a-flow, 10  
 And withered hands held up to him, who cried  
 For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried, "For the dear love of Him who gave  
 His life for ours, my child from bondage save, —  
 My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves 15  
 In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves  
 Lap the white walls of Tunis!" — "What I can

I give," Tritemius said, "my prayers." — "O man  
 Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,  
 "Mock me not thus; I ask not prayers, but gold. 20  
 Words will not serve me, alms alone suffice;  
 Even while I speak perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door  
 None go unfed, hence are we always poor;  
 A single soldo is our only store. 25  
 Thou hast our prayers; — what can we give thee  
 more?"

“Give me,” she said, “the silver candlesticks  
 On either side of the great crucifix.  
 God well may spare them on His errands sped,  
 Or He can give you golden ones instead.” 30

Then spake Tritemius, “Even as thy word,  
 Woman, so be it! (Our most gracious Lord,  
 Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,  
 Pardon me if a human soul I prize  
 Above the gifts upon his altar piled!) 35  
 Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child.”

But his hand trembled as the holy alms  
 He placed within the beggar’s eager palms;  
 And as she vanished down the linden shade,  
 He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed. 40

So the day passed, and when the twilight came  
 He woke to find the chapel all aflame,  
 And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold  
 Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

## KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

Out from Jerusalem  
 The king rode with his great  
 War chiefs and lords of state,  
 And Sheba’s queen with them;

Comely, but black withal, 5  
 To whom, perchance, belongs  
 That wondrous Song of songs,  
 Sensuous and mystical,

Whereto devout souls turn  
 In fond, ecstatic dream, 10  
 And through its earth-born theme  
 The Love of loves discern.

Proud in the Syrian sun,  
In gold and purple sheen,  
The dusky Ethiop queen  
Smiled on King Solomon. 15

Wisest of men, he knew  
The languages of all  
The creatures great or small  
That trod the earth or flew. 20

Across an ant-hill led  
The king's path, and he heard  
Its small folk, and their word  
He thus interpreted:

"Here comes the king men greet 25  
As wise and good and just,  
To crush us in the dust  
Under his heedless feet."

The great king bowed his head,  
And saw the wide surprise 30  
Of the Queen of Sheba's eyes  
As he told her what they said.

"O king!" she whispered sweet,  
"Too happy fate have they  
Who perish in thy way 35  
Beneath thy gracious feet!"

"Thou of the God-lent crown,  
Shall these vile creatures dare  
Murmur against thee where  
The knees of kings kneel down?" 40

"Nay," Solomon replied,  
"The wise and strong should seek  
The welfare of the weak,"  
And turned his horse aside.



His train, with quick alarm, 45  
 Curved with their leader round  
 The ant-hill's peopled mound,  
 And left it free from harm.

The jewelled head bent low ;  
 " O king!" she said, " henceforth 50  
 The secret of thy worth  
 And wisdom well I know.

" Happy must be the State  
 Whose ruler heedeth more  
 The murmurs of the poor 55  
 Than flatteries of the great."

## HOW THE ROBIN CAME

### AN ALGONQUIN LEGEND

HAPPY young friends, sit by me  
 Under May's blown apple-tree,  
 While these home-birds in and out  
 Through the blossoms flit about.  
 Hear a story, strange and old, 5  
 By the wild red Indians told,  
 How the robin came to be;  
 Once a great chief left his son, —  
 Well-beloved, his only one, —  
 When the boy was well-nigh grown, 10  
 In the trial-lodge alone.  
 Left for tortures long and slow  
 Youths like him must undergo,  
 Who their pride of manhood test,  
 Lacking water, food, and rest. 15

Seven days the fast he kept,  
 Seven nights he never slept.  
 Then the young boy, wrung with pain,  
 Weak from nature's overstrain,

Faltering, moaned a low complaint : 20  
“ Spare me, father, for I faint ! ”  
But the chieftain, haughty-eyed,  
Hid his pity in his pride.  
“ You shall be a hunter good,  
Knowing never lack of food : 25  
You shall be a warrior great,  
Wise as fox and strong as bear ;  
Many scalps your belt shall wear,  
If with patient heart you wait  
Bravely till your task is done. 30  
Better you should starving die  
Than that boy and squaw should cry  
Shame upon your father’s son ! ”

When next morn the sun’s first rays  
Glistened on the hemlock sprays, 35  
Straight that lodge the old chief sought,  
And boiled samp and moose meat brought.  
“ Rise and eat, my son ! ” he said.  
Lo, he found the poor boy dead !  
As with grief his grave they made, 40  
And his bow beside him laid,  
Pipe, and knife, and wampum-braid,  
On the lodge-top overhead,  
Preening smooth its breast of red  
And the brown coat that it wore, 45  
Sat a bird, unknown before.  
And as if with human tongue,  
“ Mourn me not, ” it said, or sung :  
“ I, a bird, am still your son,  
Happier than if hunter fleet, 50  
Or a brave, before your feet  
Laying scalps in battle won.  
Friend of man, my song shall cheer  
Lodge and corn-land ; hovering near,  
To each wigwam I shall bring 55  
Tidings of the coming spring ;  
Every child my voice shall know  
In the moon of melting snow,

When the maple's red bud swells,  
 And the wind-flower lifts its bells. 60  
 As their fond companion  
 Men shall henceforth own your son,  
 And my song shall testify  
 That of human kin am I."

Thus the Indian legend saith 65  
 How, at first, the robin came  
 With a sweeter life and death,  
 Bird for boy, and still the same.  
 If my young friends doubt that this  
 Is the robin's genesis, 70  
 Not in vain is still the myth  
 If a truth be found therewith:  
 Unto gentleness belong  
 Gifts unknown to pride and wrong  
 Happier far than hate is praise,— 75  
 He who sings than he who slays.

## APRIL

"The spring comes slowly up this way."

*Christabel.*

'T is the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird  
 In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;  
 For green meadow-grasses wide levels of snow,  
 And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;  
 Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white, 5  
 On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,  
 O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots  
 The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots;  
 And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,  
 Round the boles of the pine-wood the ground-laurel  
       creeps, 10  
 Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,  
 With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into  
       flowers!

We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south !  
For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy  
mouth ;  
For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God, 15  
Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod !  
Up our long river-valley, for days, have not ceased  
The wail and the shriek of the bitter northeast,  
Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and snow,  
All the way from the land of the wild Esquimau, 20  
Until all our dreams of the land of the blest,  
Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny southwest.  
O soul of the spring-time, its light and its breath,  
Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death ;  
Renew the great miracle ; let us behold 25  
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,  
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old !  
Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,  
Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,  
And in blooming of flower and budding of tree 30  
The symbols and types of our destiny see ;  
The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,  
And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul !

## THE MAYFLOWERS

SAD Mayflower ! watched by winter stars,  
And nursed by winter gales,  
With petals of the sleeted spars,  
And leaves of frozen sails !

What had she in those dreary hours, 5  
Within her ice-rimmed bay,  
In common with the wild-wood flowers,  
The first sweet smiles of May ?

Yet, " God be praised ! " the Pilgrim said,  
Who saw the blossoms peer 10  
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,  
" Behold our Mayflower here ! "

“God wills it: here our rest shall be,  
Our years of wandering o’er;  
For us the Mayflower of the sea 15  
Shall spread her sails no more.”

O sacred flowers of faith and hope,  
As sweetly now as then  
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,  
In many a pine-dark glen. 20

Behind the sea-wall’s rugged length,  
Unchanged, your leaves unfold,  
Like love behind the manly strength  
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons, 25  
Their sturdy faith be ours,  
And ours the love that overruns  
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim’s wild and wintry day  
Its shadow round us draws; 30  
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,  
Our Freedom’s struggling cause.

But warmer suns erelong shall bring  
To life the frozen sod;  
And through dead leaves of hope shall spring 35  
Afresh the flowers of God!

### FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

THE Persian’s flowery gifts the shrine  
Of fruitful Ceres charm no more;  
The woven wreaths of oak and pine  
Are dust along the Isthmian shore.

But beauty hath its homage still, 5  
And nature holds us still in debt;  
And woman’s grace and household skill,  
And manhood’s toil, are honored yet.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers  
And fruits, have come to own again 10  
The blessings of the summer hours,  
The early and the latter rain ;

To see our Father's hand once more  
Reverse for us the plenteous horn  
Of autumn, filled and running o'er 15  
With fruit, and flower, and golden corn !

Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold ;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told. 20

Our common mother rests and sings,  
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves ;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors every year made new ! 25  
Oh, gifts with rain and sunshine sent !  
The bounty overruns our due,  
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on ;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill, 30  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil  
The power to make it Eden-fair,  
And richer fruits to crown our toil 35  
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day ?  
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom ?  
Or sighs for dainties far away,  
Beside the bounteous board of home ? 40

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm  
Can change a rocky soil to gold, —  
That brave and generous lives can warm  
A clime with northern ices cold.

And let these altars, wreathed with flowers      45  
And piled with fruits, awake again  
Thanksgivings for the golden hours,  
The early and the latter rain !

### THE FROST SPIRIT

HE comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes !  
You may trace his foot-steps now  
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the  
brown hill's withered brow.  
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where  
their pleasant green came forth,  
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have  
shaken them down to earth.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! from  
the frozen Labrador,      5  
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the  
white bear wanders o'er,  
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the  
luckless forms below  
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble  
statues grow !

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! on  
the rushing Northern blast,  
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his  
fearful breath went past.      10  
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where  
the fires of Hecla glow  
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice  
below.



He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! and  
the quiet lake shall feel  
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the  
skater's heel ;  
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks,  
or sang to the leaning grass, 15  
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mourn-  
ful silence pass.

He comes, — he comes, — the Frost Spirit comes ! Let  
us meet him as we may,  
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil  
power away ;  
And gather closer the circle round, when that fire-  
light dances high,  
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his  
sounding wing goes by ! 20

## THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

## I

O'ER the bare woods, whose outstretched hands  
Plead with the leaden heavens in vain,  
I see, beyond the valley lands,  
The sea's long level dim with rain.  
Around me all things, stark and dumb, 5  
Seem praying for the snows to come,  
And, for the summer bloom and greenness gone,  
With winter's sunset lights and dazzling morn atone.

## II

Along the river's summer walk,  
The withered tufts of asters nod ; 10  
And trembles on its arid stalk  
The hoar plume of the golden-rod.  
And on a ground of sombre fir,  
And azure-studded juniper,  
The silver birch its buds of purple shows, 15  
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild-  
rose !

## III

With mingled sound of horns and bells,  
A far-heard clang, the wild geese fly,  
Storm-sent, from Arctic moors and fells,  
Like a great arrow through the sky, 20  
Two dusky lines converged in one,  
Chasing the southward-flying sun;  
While the brave snow-bird and the hardy jay  
Call to them from the pines, as if to bid them stay.

## IV

I passed this way a year ago: 25  
The wind blew south; the noon of day  
Was warm as June's; and save that snow  
Flecked the low mountains far away,  
And that the vernal-seeming breeze  
Mocked faded grass and leafless trees, 30  
I might have dreamed of summer as I lay,  
Watching the fallen leaves with the soft wind at play.

## V

Since then, the winter blasts have piled  
The white pagodas of the snow  
On these rough slopes, and, strong and wild, 35  
Yon river, in its overflow  
Of spring-time rain and sun, set free,  
Crashed with its ices to the sea;  
And over these gray fields, then green and gold,  
The summer corn has waved, the thunder's organ  
rolled. 40

## VI

Rich gift of God! A year of time!  
What pomp of rise and shut of day,  
What hues wherewith our Northern clime  
Makes autumn's dropping woodlands gay,  
What airs outblown from ferny dells, 45  
And clover-bloom and sweetbrier smells,

What songs of brooks and birds, what fruits and  
flowers,  
Green woods and moonlit snows, have in its round  
been ours!

## VII

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go; 50  
What splendors fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow!  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates;  
A dream alone to me is Arno's vale, 55  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

## VIII

Yet, on life's current, he who drifts  
Is one with him who rows or sails;  
And he who wanders widest lifts  
No more of beauty's jealous veils 60  
Than he who from his doorway sees  
The miracle of flowers and trees,  
Feels the warm Orient in the noonday air,  
And from cloud minarets hears the sunset call to  
prayer!

## IX

The eye may well be glad that looks 65  
Where Pharpar's fountains rise and fall;  
But he who sees his native brooks  
Laugh in the sun, has seen them all.  
The marble palaces of Ind  
Rise round him in the snow and wind; 70  
From his lone sweetbrier Persian Hafiz smiles,  
And Rome's cathedral awe is in his woodland aisles.

## X

And thus it is my fancy blends  
The near at hand and far and rare;

And while the same horizon bends 75  
Above the silver-sprinkled hair  
Which flashed the light of morning skies  
On childhood's wonder-lifted eyes,  
Within its round of sea and sky and field,  
Earth wheels with all her zones, the Kosmos stands  
revealed. 80

## XI

And thus the sick man on his bed,  
The toiler to his task-work bound,  
Behold their prison-walls outspread,  
Their clipped horizon widen round!  
While freedom-giving fancy waits, 85  
Like Peter's angel at the gates,  
The power is theirs to baffle care and pain,  
To bring the lost world back, and make it theirs  
again!

## XII

What lack of goodly company,  
When masters of the ancient lyre 90  
Obey my call, and trace for me  
Their words of mingled tears and fire!  
I talk with Bacon, grave and wise,  
I read the world with Pascal's eyes;  
And priest and sage, with solemn brows austere, 95  
And poets, garland-bound, the Lords of Thought, draw  
near.

## XIII

Methinks, O friend, I hear thee say,  
"In vain the human heart we mock;  
Bring living guests who love the day,  
Not ghosts who fly at crow of cock! 100  
The herbs we share with flesh and blood  
Are better than ambrosial food  
With laurelled shades." I grant it, nothing loath,  
But doubly blest is he who can partake of both.

## XIV

He who might Plato's banquet grace, 105  
Have I not seen before me sit,  
And watched his puritanic face,  
With more than Eastern wisdom lit?  
Shrewd mystic! who upon the back  
Of his Poor Richard's Almanac 110  
Writing the Sufi's song, the Gentoo's dream,  
Links Manu's age of thought to Fulton's age of steam!

## XV

Here too, of answering love secure,  
Have I not welcomed to my hearth  
The gentle pilgrim troubadour, 115  
Whose songs have girdled half the earth;  
Whose pages, like the magic mat  
Whereon the Eastern lover sat,  
Have borne me over Rhine-land's purple vines,  
And Nubia's tawny sands, and Phrygia's mountain  
pines! 120

## XVI

And he, who to the lettered wealth  
Of ages adds the lore unpriced,  
The wisdom and the moral health,  
The ethics of the school of Christ;  
The statesman to his holy trust, 125  
As the Athenian archon, just,  
Struck down, exiled like him for truth alone,  
Has he not graced my home with beauty all his own?

## XVII

What greetings smile, what farewells wave,  
What loved ones enter and depart! 130  
The good, the beautiful, the brave,  
The Heaven-lent treasures of the heart!  
How conscious seems the frozen sod  
And beechen slope whereon they trod!

The oak-leaves rustle, and the dry grass bends      135  
 Beneath the shadowy feet of lost or absent friends.

## XVIII

Then ask not why to these bleak hills  
 I cling, as clings the tufted moss,  
 To bear the winter's lingering chills,  
 The mocking spring's perpetual loss.      140  
 I dream of lands where summer smiles,  
 And soft winds blow from spicy isles,  
 But scarce would Ceylon's breath of flowers be sweet,  
 Could I not feel thy soil, New England, at my feet!

## XIX

At times I long for gentler skies,      145  
 And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
 But homesick tears would fill the eyes  
 That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
 The pine must whisper to the palm,  
 The north-wind break the tropic calm;      150  
 And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
 The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty  
 join.

## XX

Better to stem with heart and hand  
 The roaring tide of life, than lie,  
 Unmindful, on its flowery strand,      155  
 Of God's occasions drifting by!  
 Better with naked nerve to bear  
 The needles of this goading air,  
 Than, in the lap of sensual ease, forego  
 The godlike power to do, the godlike aim to know. 160

## XXI

Home of my heart, to me more fair  
 Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,  
 The painted, shingly town-house where  
 The freeman's vote for Freedom falls!

The simple roof where prayer is made, 165  
 The Gothic groin and colonnade ;  
 The living temple of the heart of man,  
 Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired  
 Milan !

## XXII

More dear thy equal village schools,  
 Where rich and poor the Bible read, 170  
 Than classic halls where Priestcraft rules,  
 And Learning wears the chains of Creed ;  
 Thy glad Thanksgiving, gathering in  
 The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
 Than the mad license ushering Lenten pains, 175  
 Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

## XXIII

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
 And perch along these wooded swells ;  
 And, blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
 They hear the sound of Sabbath bells ! 180  
 Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
 Nor woman winged before her time,  
 But with the faults and follies of the race,  
 Old home-bred virtues hold their not unhonored place.

## XXIV

Here manhood struggles for the sake 185  
 Of mother, sister, daughter, wife,  
 The graces and the loves which make  
 The music of the march of life ;  
 And woman, in her daily round  
 Of duty, walks on holy ground. 190  
 No unpaid menial tills the soil, nor here  
 Is the bad lesson learned at human rights to sneer.

## XXV

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
 The trumpets of the coming storm,



To arrowy sleet and blinding snow 195

Yon slanting lines of rain transform.

Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,

As gayly as I did of old ;

And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,  
Unenvious, live in them my boyhood o'er again. 200

## XXVI

And I will trust that He who heeds

The life that hides in mead and wold,

Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,

And stains these mosses green and gold,

Will still, as He hath done, incline 205

His gracious care to me and mine ;

Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,

And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every  
star !

## XXVII

I have not seen, I may not see,

My hopes for man take form in fact, 210

But God will give the victory .

In due time ; in that faith I act.

And he who sees the future sure,

The baffling present may endure, 214

And bless, meanwhile, the unseen Hand that leads

The heart's desires beyond the halting step of deeds.

## XXVIII

And thou, my song, I send thee forth,

Where harsher songs of mine have flown ;

Go, find a place at home and hearth

Where'er thy singer's name is known ; 220

Revive for him the kindly thought

Of friends ; and they who love him not,

Touched by some strain of thine, perchance may  
take

The hand he proffers all, and thank him for thy  
sake.

## THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O FRIENDS ! with whom my feet have trod  
The quiet aisles of prayer,  
Glad witness to your zeal for God  
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument; 5  
Your logic linked and strong  
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,  
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak  
To hold your iron creeds : 10  
Against the words ye bid me speak  
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?  
Who talks of scheme and plan?  
The Lord is God ! He needeth not 15  
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod ;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God. 20

Ye praise His justice ; even such  
His pitying love I deem :  
Ye seek a king ; I fain would touch  
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods 25  
A world of pain and loss ;  
I hear our Lord's beatitudes  
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within  
Myself, alas! I know : 30  
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,  
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,  
I veil mine eyes for shame,  
And urge, in trembling self-distrust, 35  
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,  
I feel the guilt within ;  
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,  
The world confess its sin. 40

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed trust my spirit clings ;  
I know that God is good !

Not mine to look where cherubim 45  
And seraphs may not see,  
But nothing can be good in Him  
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below  
I dare not throne above, 50  
I know not of His hate, — I know  
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known  
Of greater out of sight,  
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own 55  
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,  
For vanished smiles I long,  
But God hath led my dear ones on,  
And He can do no wrong. 60

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured alone that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak 65  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,  
Nor works my faith to prove; 70  
I can but give the gifts He gave,  
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
I wait the muffled oar;  
No harm from Him can come to me 75  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care. 80

O brothers! if my faith is vain,  
If hopes like these betray,  
Pray for me that my feet may gain  
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen 85  
Thy creatures as they be,  
Forgive me if too close I lean  
My human heart on Thee!

# NOTES AND QUESTIONS

## PROEM

(Written in 1847 to introduce the first general collection of Whittier's *Poems*.)

3. **Edmund Spenser** (1552(?)-1599). One of the earliest of the great English poets, and a friend of Sidney's. Author of *The Shepherd's Calendar*, *The Faerie Queene*, etc.

4. **Sir Philip Sidney** (1554-1586). An English poet and romancist. Author of *Arcadia*, *Astrophel and Stella*, etc.

32. **John Milton** (1608-1674). One of the greatest English poets. Author of *Paradise Lost*.

33. **Andrew Marvell** (1621-1678). An English poet and satirist. His *Thoughts in a Garden* are regarded as particularly graceful poetry.

## SNOW-BOUND

**Whittier's own Introduction to Snow-Bound.** "The inmates of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition, there was the district school master, who boarded with us. The 'not unfear'd, half-welcome guest' was Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over her violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally ready to exhort in school-house prayer-meetings and dance in a Washington ballroom, while her father was a member of Congress. She early embraced the doctrine of the Second Advent, and felt it her duty to proclaim the Lord's speedy coming. With this message she crossed the Atlantic and spent the greater part of a long life in travelling over Europe and Asia. She lived some time with Lady Hester Stanhope, a woman as fantastic and mentally strained as herself, on the slope of Mt. Lebanon, but finally quarrelled with her in regard to two white horses with red marks on their backs which suggested the idea of saddles, on which her titled hostess expected to ride into Jerusalem with the Lord. A friend of mine found her, when quite an old woman, wandering in Syria with a

tribe of Arabs, who, with the Oriental notion that madness is inspiration, accepted her as their prophetess and leader. At the time referred to in *Snow-Bound* she was boarding at the Rocks Village, about two miles from us.

"In my boyhood, in our lonely farm-house, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the almanac. Under such circumstances story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of his sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing, and, it must be confessed, with stories which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cocheco, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession the wizard's 'conjuring book,' which he solemnly opened when consulted. It is a copy of Cornelius Agrippa's *Magic*, printed in 1651, dedicated to Doctor Robert Child, who, like Michael Scott, had learned

'the art of glammoreie  
In Padua beyond the sea,'

and who is famous in the annals of Massachusetts, where he was at one time a resident, as the first man who dared petition the General Court for liberty of conscience. The full title of the book is *Three Books of Occult Philosophy: by Henry Cornelius Agrippa, Knight, Doctor of both Laws. Counsellor to Cæsar's Sacred Majesty and Judge of the Prerogative Court.*"

**The Meter of Snow-Bound.** Snow-Bound is written in tetrameter, that is, with four divisions or measures in each line. Each of these measures, called a foot, is composed of two syllables, the first short or unaccented, the second, long or accented. Such a poetic foot is called an iambus. The meter of Snow-Bound, therefore, is iambic tetrameter. The first lines of the poem are scanned as follows:—

The sún | that briéf | Decém | ber dáy  
Rose chéer | less ó | ver hílls | of gráy,  
And dárk | ly cír | cled gáve | at noón  
A sád | der líght | than wá | níng moón. |

Notes and Questions. 16. Point out the words in this first paragraph that help most to give an impression of cheerlessness — of cold.

29–30. To what mediæval character is the cock compared in these lines?

31–40. What words in this passage make the description of the snow-storm most vivid — most weird? Where do we get an impression of spirits, of mad reveling of ghosts? In lines 34–36, point out the words that describe the various movements of the snow.

41–65. Write a hundred-word description of the scene portrayed in these lines.

63. Point out the well-sweep in the picture opposite page 3.

65. of Pisa's leaning miracle. The Leaning Tower of Pisa, in Italy, which inclines from the perpendicular a little more than six feet in eighty, is a campanile, or bell-tower, built of white marble, very beautiful, but so famous for its singular deflection from perpendicularity as to be known almost wholly as a curiosity.

65. Does this description of the appearance of the world agree with anything you have ever seen?

77. rare Aladdin's wondrous cave. For the story of Aladdin and his lamp see any edition of *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, or *R.L.S.*, No. 117.

90. Amun, or Ammon, was an Egyptian being, representing an attribute of Deity under the form of a ram.

93–115. From what words in this paragraph do we again get a feeling of the supernatural — of the hostile influences of nature — of solitude — of a love of nature. Compare with this description of the buried brooklet, Lowell's description of the little ice-bound brook in *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, *R.L.S.* No. 30.

116–142. Reproduce in a few words the description of the building of the fire. Point out in the picture opposite page 8 the crane, trammels, andirons. Explain their uses.

143–154. What sort of feeling does the paragraph give the reader? Explain the contrast between this paragraph and the following lines (155–174). What words or expressions do most to describe the loneliness and cold without — the cheer and warmth within?

156. What does clean-winged mean? What sort of wing was often used in country homes to sweep up the hearth?

175–211. What is the general subject of this paragraph?



How many of Whittier's family were living when he wrote this poem?

204. With what experiences in life are cypress trees associated? Where are they frequently planted?

215. Gambia is a British colony in western Africa inhabited chiefly by negroes.

This line and lines 220-223 are taken from *The African Chief*, a poem by Mrs. Sarah Wentworth Morton (1759-1846). This poem was included in *The American Preceptor*, a schoolbook which was in use in Whittier's boyhood.

217. What experience in our country's history is here referred to?

219. Dame Mercy Warren, a writer of poems, was the wife of James Warren, one of the American patriots in the Revolutionary War.

243. Isles of Shoals. A group of islands off the coast of New Hampshire. The American poet, Celia Thaxter, made her home here.

259. Cocheco. Now Dover, New Hampshire.

262-283. What are the attractive features of this beautiful description of the mother's early life?

270. Conjuring-book. (See Whittier's *Introduction to Snow-Bound*, page 94.)

286. Why is he called painful Sewel?

William Sewel was the historian of the Quakers. Charles Lamb seemed to have as good an opinion of the book as Whittier. In his essay, *A Quakers' Meeting*, in *Essays of Elia*, he says: "Reader, if you are not acquainted with it, I would recommend to you, above all church-narratives, to read Sewel's *History of the Quakers*. . . . It is far more edifying and affecting than anything you will read of Wesley or his colleagues."

289. Thomas Chalkley was an Englishman of Quaker parentage, born in 1675, who traveled extensively as a preacher, and finally made his home in Philadelphia. He died in 1749; his *Journal* was first published in 1747. His own narrative of the incident which the poet relates is as follows: "To stop their murmuring, I told them they should not need to cast lots, which was usual in such cases, which of us should die first, for I would freely offer up my life to do them good. One said, 'God bless you! I will not eat any of you.' Another said, 'He would die before he would eat any of me'; and so said several. I can truly say, on that occasion, at that time, my life was not dear to me, and that I was

serious and ingenuous in my proposition; and as I was leaning over the side of the vessel, thoughtfully considering my proposal to the company, and looking in my mind to Him that made me, a very large dolphin came up towards the top or surface of the water, and looked me in the face; and I called the people to put a hook into the sea, and take him, for here is one come to redeem me (I said to them). And they put a hook into the sea, and the fish readily took it, and they caught him. He was longer than myself. I think he was about six feet long, and the largest that ever I saw. This plainly showed us that we ought not to distrust the providence of the Almighty. The people were quieted by this act of Providence, and murmured no more. We caught enough to eat plentifully of, till we got into the capes of Delaware."

306. See Genesis xxii, 13.

307-349. A fine description of a man who loves outdoor life. Follow the lines through carefully, noting the different features of Nature touched on, and point out how our interest is held and how plainly we see the different scenes described.

310. What is a *lyceum* as the word is used in America? The Lyceum was originally a park in ancient Athens where the Greek philosopher, Aristotle, taught. The measure requires the accent *ly'ceum*, but in stricter use the accent is *lyce'um*.

320. Apollonius Tyanæus, a philosopher born in the first century of the Christian era, of whom many strange stories were told, especially regarding his converse with birds and animals.

322. Hermes Trismegistus, a celebrated Egyptian priest and philosopher, to whom was attributed the revival of geometry, arithmetic, and art among the Egyptians. He was a little later than Apollonius.

325. Does Whittier mean to commend or criticize the uncle's seeming lack of ambition?

332. Gilbert White, of Selborne, England, was a clergyman who wrote the *Natural History of Selborne*, a minute, affectionate, and charming description of what could be seen as it were from his own doorstep. The accuracy of his observation and the delightfulness of his manner have kept the book a classic.

337-338. How do these and the following lines show the power of narration which the uncle possessed?

355-356. What do these lines suggest as to the aunt's disposition and activities?

Put into simple language lines 366-375.

369. What is the correct pronunciation of *mirage*? How is it pronounced here? What does it mean?

376-377. Paraphrase these lines, so as to make clearer the expression in line 377.

378-391. Have pupils state in their own words the impression of the elder sister received from reading these lines.

386-388. What view of death does the poet here express?

390. What is meant by the low *green tent*?

Put in simpler words the meaning of lines 393-394.

395. What is the meaning of *motley-braided*? Look for this mat in the picture opposite page 8.

398. *green*. Paradise is always fresh like green fields and trees.

415-437. What lines before have expressed these same feelings?

438-509. This paragraph is one of the best in the poem.

439. The master of the district school. This schoolmaster was George Haskell, a native of Harvard, Massachusetts, who was a Dartmouth College student at the time referred to in the poem, and afterward became a physician. Till near the end of his own life Mr. Whittier could not recall the teacher's name, and Mr. Haskell seems never to have known that he was immortalized in *Snow-Bound*.

447. In classic Dartmouth's college halls. Where is Dartmouth College? How near was it to Whittier's home?

450. Why is New Hampshire not a good State for farming?

453. What advantage is here suggested of a life on the farm where a boy is taught to work?

456. It was customary in the early days of America for college students to pay their expenses by teaching country schools during vacation.

464. This line refers to games played at social gatherings.

471. See line 447 for the word *classic*. In what spirit do you think the schoolmaster told the legends of Greece and Rome?

476. Pindus is the mountain chain which, running from north to south, nearly bisects Greece. Five rivers take their rise from the central peak, the Aoüs, the Arachthus, the Haliacmon, the Peneüs, and the Acheloüs.

485-509. Whittier drops the thread of his story for a few lines to moralize. Why was this passage particularly appropriate at the time Whittier wrote *Snow-Bound*? What solution of the negro

problem does the poet here suggest? How much of his plan and of his prophecy has been realized?

500. What does Whittier think the results of education will be? Mention two famous institutions in the South for the education of negroes. Besides the work of the public school systems in the South, much wealth is devoted in our times to aiding Southern schools. The Southern Education Board and the General Education Board are especially active in these matters. George Peabody, John D. Rockefeller, and others have given large sums of money for this purpose.

506. Is this true to-day? What war of our country fought since the Civil War tended to bring the North and South more closely together?

510-589. Read in Whittier's *Introduction to Snow-Bound*, page 94, the account of this guest, Miss Harriet Livermore. After studying the meaning of the words used to describe her in lines 510-562, write in your own language a description of his guest.

536. *Petruchio's Kate*. See Shakespeare's comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

537. *Siena's saint*. St. Catherine, of Siena, who is represented as having wonderful visions. She made a vow of silence for three years.

550, etc. Find on the map the places here mentioned.

555. *The crazy Queen of Lebanon*. An interesting account of Lady Hester Stanhope, an English gentlewoman who led a singular life on Mount Lebanon in Syria, will be found in Kinglake's *Eothen*, chap. viii.

562. This "not unfeared, half-welcome guest," Miss Harriet Livermore, at the time of this narrative was about twenty-eight years old. She once went on an independent mission to the Western Indians, whom she, in common with some others, believed to be remnants of the lost tribes of Israel, but much of her life was spent in the Orient. See the introductory note to this poem, page 94.

563-589. These lines are a sort of sermon. What is the subject of the sermon? What are the points offered in defense of this "not unfeared, half-welcome guest"?

590-613. What trait of character in Whittier's mother is here depicted?

611. How do such people as Whittier's mother try to answer their own prayers?

614-628. Point out the contrast in these beautiful lines be-

tween the wintry scene about the home and the dreams of the sleepers.

629-656. What means did the country people take to clear the roads?

639. What picture does this line give you?

646. What picture do you see here? What is there unusual in these words?

659. The wise old Doctor was Dr. Weld of Haverhill, an able man, who died at the age of ninety-six.

661. In what previous passage has Whittier spoken of his mother's willingness to help?

668. To what religious denomination did Whittier belong? (See page xiii.)

669. Calvin's creed. Who was Calvin? What religious denomination did he found?

670-674. The doctrine of Calvin taught that certain persons were the elect, that is, were selected or chosen to be saved. In these lines what does Whittier suggest as the grounds on which we shall be saved?

674. How did the snow-bound family entertain itself?

676. In early days when books were fewer than to-day the almanac was more important than now and contained much information of an encyclopædic nature.

683. What color did the Quakers largely use for their clothing?

683. Thomas Ellwood, one of the Society of Friends, a contemporary and friend of Milton, who suggested to him the writing of *Paradise Regained*, wrote an epic poem in five books, called *Davideis*, the life of King David of Israel. He wrote the book, we are told, for his own diversion, so it was not necessary that others should be diverted by it.

686. See 1 and 2 Samuel.

693. Before us passed the painted Creeks. Referring to the removal of the Creek Indians from Georgia to beyond the Mississippi.

694. In 1822 Sir Gregor McGregor, a Scotchman, began an ineffectual attempt to establish a colony in Costa Rica.

697. Taygetus is a mountain on the Gulf of Messenia in Greece, and near by is the district of Maina, noted for its robbers and pirates. It was from these mountaineers that Ypsilanti, a Greek patriot, drew his cavalry in the struggle with Turkey which resulted in the independence of Greece.



700. What experience had Whittier himself had with the rustic Muse? (See page xv.). What lines in this passage describe most vividly the influence of the newspaper?

715-739. The story is done. The last two paragraphs are in the nature of a conclusion. From the point of view of this paragraph, where has the poet been reading these memories of the past?

739. *aloe*, the century plant which was formerly supposed to blossom only when a century old.

741. *Truce of God*. The name is drawn from a historic compact in 1040, when the Church forbade the barons to make any attack on each other between sunset on Wednesday and sunrise on the following Monday, or upon any ecclesiastical fast or feast day. It also provided that no man was to molest a laborer working in the fields, or to lay hands on any implement of husbandry, on pain of excommunication.

747. *Flemish pictures*. The Flemish school of painting was chiefly occupied with homely interiors.

740-759. Where does Whittier think that he will get his reward or satisfaction for writing this poem?

### General Questions.

If you have enjoyed reading *Snow-Bound*, can you tell what part of it has attracted you most?

What would you call the main effect of the poem?

Is Whittier most capable in description, character sketch, or portrayal of sentiment?

Which would you consider the stronger, his mental qualities or his spiritual?

What passage of the poem in your opinion contains the best description? Why do you consider it the best? What passage is most religious? Most excited or violent? Most expressive of affection — of sorrow — of tolerance? What passage is most beautiful — most touching?

Gather together the passages containing references to religion or religious feeling, and make of them a statement of Whittier's religious belief. Do the same with the passages expressing his political views.

## AMONG THE HILLS

2. *tawny Incas*. The Incas were the kings of the ancient Peruvians. At Yucay, their favorite residence, the gardens, according to Prescott, contained "forms of vegetable life skil-

fully imitated in gold and silver." See *History of the Conquest of Peru*, I, 130.

26. The volume in which this poem stands first, and to which it gives the name, was published in the fall of 1868.

110. the knife-grinder of whom Canning sings. The *Anti-Jacobin* was a periodical published in England in 1797-98, to ridicule democratic opinions, and in it Canning, who afterward became premier of England, wrote many light verses and *jeux d'esprit*, among them a humorous poem called the *Needy Knife-Grinder*, in burlesque of a poem by Southey. The knife-grinder is anxiously appealed to to tell his story of wrong and injustice, but answers as here: —

"Story, God bless you! I've none to tell."

121. See *Ruth* III.

134. Happy Isles of prophecy. The Fortunate Isles, or Isles of the Blest, were imaginary islands in the West, in classic mythology, set in a sea which was warmed by the rays of the declining sun. Hither the favorites of the gods were borne, and here they dwelt in endless joy.

165. Sandwich Notch, Chocorua Mountain, Ossipee Lake, and the Bearcamp River are all striking features of the scenery in that part of New Hampshire which lies just at the entrance of the White Mountain region. Many of Whittier's most graceful poems are drawn from the suggestions of this country, where he often spent the summer months, and a mountain near West Ossipee has received his name.

465. The General Court is the official designation of the legislative body in New Hampshire and in Massachusetts.

## SONGS OF LABOR

The *Songs of Labor* were written in 1845 and 1846, and printed first in magazines. They reflect the working life of New England at that time, before the great changes were wrought which have nearly put an end to some of the forms of labor, the praises of which here are sung. The *Songs* were collected into a volume, entitled *Songs of Labor and Other Poems*, in 1850, and the following Dedication was then prefixed.

22. And beauty is its own excuse. "For the idea of this line," says Mr. Whittier, "I am indebted to Emerson in his inimitable sonnet to the Rhodora: —

" 'If eyes were made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being.' "



52. **St. Crispin's day.** October 25. St. Crispin and his brother Crispinian were said to be martyrs of the third century who while preaching the gospel had made their living by shoemaking.

62. **Spanish main.** A name given to the northern coast of South America when it was taken possession of by the Spaniards.

72. **the dark-eyed Florentine.** So associated was Florence, Italy, in the minds of people with the manufacture of sewing-silk, that when the industry was set up in the neighborhood of Northampton, Massachusetts, the factory village took the name of Florence.

94. **Hans Sachs.** See Longfellow's poem, *Nuremberg*, for a reference to Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet.

96. **Robert Bloomfield**, an English poet, author of *The Farmer's Boy*, was bred a shoemaker, as was William Gifford, a wit and satirist, and first editor of the *Quarterly Review*, but Gifford hated his craft bitterly.

97. **Roger Sherman**, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was at one time a shoemaker in New Milford, Connecticut.

99. **Jacob Behmen**, or Boehme, a German visionary of the seventeenth century.

101. **George Fox**, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, as they are more commonly called.

117. **Crystal Mountains.** A name early given to the White Mountains from the crystals found there by the first explorers, who thought them diamonds.

155. **Brador's rocks** are on the coast of Prince Edward Island.

166. **Red Island** lies in Placentia Bay, on the coast of Newfoundland.

172. **The Mickmacks** are a tribe of Indians living in and near Nova Scotia.

187. **the fish of Tobit.** See the story in the Book of Tobit, one of the Apocrypha.

358. Compare *The Ship-Builders* with Longfellow's poem *The Building of the Ship*.

497. See Genesis xli, 2-4.

## THE BAREFOOT BOY

63. **Apples of Hesperides.** The Hesperides were three nymphs who were set to guard the golden apples which Gæa (Earth) planted in the gardens of Here, as a wedding gift.

## TELLING THE BEES

A remarkable custom, brought from England, formerly prevailed in the rural districts of New England. On the death of a member of the family, the bees were at once informed of the event, and their hives were dressed in mourning. This ceremonial was supposed to be necessary to prevent the swarms from leaving their hives and seeking a new home. The scene is minutely that of the Whittier homestead.

## BURNS

38. *The Twa Dogs*. The title of a poem by Burns.

67-68. *Craigie-burn* . . . Devon. The names of two small rivers in Scotland.

71. *Ayr* . . . Doon. Streams in southwestern Scotland.

73-76. These lines allude to Burns's poem *Is there for honest poverty*. Whittier himself wrote a poem in the same spirit — *The Poor Voter on Election Day*. See page 72.

77-80. Burns's poem *The Cotter's Saturday Night* is here referred to. Whittier's poem *Snow-Bound* is of the same genre.

103. *The mournful Tuscan*. Dante (1265-1321), the Italian poet, author of *The Divine Comedy*.

114. *Bonnie Doon*. An allusion to Burns's poem *The Banks of Doon*.

116. *Highland Mary*. A lass celebrated in Burns's poem of the same name. She was one of the poet's sweethearts.

## ABRAHAM DAVENPORT

The famous Dark Day of New England, May 19, 1780, was a physical puzzle for many years to our ancestors, but its occurrence brought something more than philosophical speculation into the minds of those who passed through it. The incident of Colonel Abraham Davenport's sturdy protest is a matter of history.

5. *Mianas*. The Mianus River, in Connecticut.

8. *Stamford*. A city in Connecticut.

16. *The Twilight of the Gods*. In Norse mythology, the final destruction of the world, when the sun would be darkened, the earth would sink into the sea, and flames would lick the sky.

28. *Bethany*. See John xi.

## THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

In tone this poem is strongly suggestive of Burns's *Is there for honest poverty*.

## THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS

17. **Tunis.** A city in the Barbary State of the same name, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

25. **soldo.** An Italian coin, worth rather less than one cent.

## KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS

4. **Sheba's queen.** See 1 Kings x and 2 Chronicles ix.

7. **Song of songs.** The Song of Solomon, a book in the Old Testament comprising a group of love poems capable of interpretation as an allegory.

## APRIL

**Christabel.** A poem by Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

27. **Lazarus.** See John xi.

## THE MAYFLOWERS

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter. The name "mayflower" was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic vessel shows, but it was applied by the English, and still is, to the hawthorn. Its use in New England in connection with *Epigæa repens* dates from a very early day, some claiming that the first Pilgrims so used it, in affectionate memory of the vessel and its English flower association.

## FOR AN AUTUMN FESTIVAL

2. **Ceres.** The Greek goddess of growing vegetation.

22. **Ruth.** See the Book of Ruth.

## THE FROST SPIRIT

11. **Hecla.** A volcano in Iceland.

## THE LAST WALK IN AUTUMN

34. Compare with the description in line 62 of *Snow-Bound*.

55. Arno's vale. The Arno valley is in northern Italy. The city of Florence lies within it.

56. The Alhambra is a famous palace, built by the Moors in Seville, Spain.

66. See 2 Kings v.

71. Hafiz. A Persian poet who died about 1389.

93. Sir Francis Bacon, an English philosopher and statesman, 1561-1626. His *Essays* remain a classic in English literature. His scientific writings foreshadowed many of the developments of later years.

94. Blaise Pascal, a French philosopher and mathematician, 1623-62. His *Thoughts* are still widely read.

105. Plato, a Greek philosopher, B.C. 427-347. His *Dialogues* and *Republic* established him as one of the greatest thinkers of the ancient world.

111. Sufi's song. The Sufis were the members of a sect of mystics among the Mohammedans of Persia. Gentoo is another name for Brahman, the highest caste among the Hindus. The priests of the religion are drawn from this caste.

112. Menu, or Manu, was the reputed author of the *Laws*, the most authoritative of the Hindu codes.

117. the magic mat. An allusion to the magic carpet, of the *Arabian Nights*.

121-125. The statesman was Charles Sumner.

126. Athenian archon. The archon was one of the chief magistrates in ancient Athens.

127. Struck down. An allusion to an assault upon Sumner committed by Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, in the Senate Chamber.

148. the Cross without the Bear. The constellation of the Southern Cross occupies, in the heavens south of the Equator, a position equally conspicuous with that of the Great Bear in the northern heavens.

162. Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls. A palace of the French kings is situated at Versailles. One of the English royalty is at Windsor.

179. Arcadian vales. Arcadia, a rural district in Greece, mountainous and picturesque, and inhabited by a simple, contented, pastoral people.



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